

Vena Cava

by VulcanGirl17

Category: Halloween

Genre: Horror, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Michael M.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2011-10-30 19:32:14

Updated: 2015-01-02 10:42:55

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:03:46

Rating: M

Chapters: 8

Words: 21,492

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: She tipped her head as she watched him. "Do you know what the Vena Cava is?" She asked finally. "It's the largest vein in your body, running parallel to the Aorta. Sever it..." She smiled darkly. "... and you bleed out in 1 minute." MichaelxOC

1. Chapter 1

****Disclaimer:** I do not own Halloween or any of the characters. I just own Ash**

****Ok,** so this is my first ever Halloween fic and my first ever time writing about Ash, a character who has been incessantly circling my brain for the last 3 months. This story takes place somewhere before the start of the first movie and is going to follow the movie story-line, at least for a little while. Anyway, it's MichaelxOC romance/horror. Rated M for blood, gore, violence and, uh, possibly some ****_**other**_**** stuff later on (*cough serialkillersex cough.) So, I hope no one is too out of character and critiques are always welcome. Enjoy!******

Roger scowled over his steering wheel. A dull, institutional- looking sign identified his location as Smith's Grove Sanitarium. His bitterness spiked at the sight of the drab concrete walls and chain link fences. _How the hell had he ended up here? _He had been going to school, studying to be a doctor. They'd told him he should get some experience in the field. He thought they'd send him somewhere cool, LA or maybe Rio. He never thought they'd send him to Smith's Grove, _Illinois_, to work as an orderly in a goddamn _insane _asylum. His scowl deepened. He could've been in California right now, playing doctor with hot girls, and instead he was stuck playing babysitter to crazies and psychos. He pulled into an empty parking space and shut off the engine. He breathed in through his nose and collected his thoughts. They hadn't told him much about the job, just that he would be taking care of "Ash." He snorted. _Ash. _What a stupid name. He hadn't even met him yet and he already resented his

very existence. He released the breath with a loud whoosh. Setting his jaw, he opened the car door.

Walking into the lobby was like walking into the lobby of any hospital except it wasn't. Everything had a more permanent look than the hospital, where patients were being constantly moved or else discharged. A receptionist was typing while talking into the receiver of a heavy-looking telephone.

One moment, she mouthed to Roger. She finished typing and nodded. "Thank you, have a nice day." She said and hung up the receiver. She turned, smiling, to Roger. "How can I help you today?"

He cleared his throat. "I'm Roger Hall, the new orderly."

She smiled wider. "Of course. Dr. Loomis is waiting for you up on 4th."

He smiled vaguely in her direction. "Thanks."

"Have a nice day!" She called after him.

He got into the elevator and pushed the button. On the second floor, an orderly got in, a young man. He glanced at Roger. "You the new orderly? The one who's replacing Mark?"

Roger glanced sideways at him. "Yeah, I am." He said.

The guy stuck his hand out. "I'm Carl."

Roger took the proffered hand and shook it. "Roger."

Carl grinned. "So, you got stuck with Ash, did you? I don't envy you, man. I'd honestly rather take care of Michael, at least he can't talk." The elevator dinged and the doors slid open. "See you around!" Carl called.

Roger got out, feeling less and less enthusiastic about the next 18 months. An official looking sign on the wall pointed the way to the security desk. As he walked, his footsteps echoed in the pale, sterile hallway. He could hear someone screaming in a distant room, but other than that it was quiet. Deathly quiet, like a morgue. He shivered slightly. He found a rather heavy-set, middle aged man waiting for him at the security desk. The man reached out to shake Roger's hand. "You must be Roger Hall. I'm Dr. Sam Loomis."

Roger tried to arrange his face into something of a smile. "Pleased to meet you, sir."

They began walking down the hallway. "Did they tell you anything about what you'll be doing here?" Loomis asked.

"They just told me I'd be in charge of Ash." Roger responded.

Loomis nodded and handed him a file. "Read this."

Roger looked at the thick folder in his hands. "Ashley Persephone Quinn", it read. His lips twitched upwards slightly. So, Ash was a girl. This might actually be enjoyable. His eyes scanned over the first page.

Birth date: January 17, 1959.

Date of incarceration: June 12, 1972.

His smile widened. So Ash was a _19_ year old girl. He might get the chance to play doctor yet. He flipped the page overenthusiastically.

Mother: Jennifer O'Riley (deceased).

Father: Thomas Quinn (deceased).

Hometown: Storm Lake City, Ontario, Canada

Reason for incarceration: multiple homicide

Roger's eyes widened at the last bullet point. Ok, maybe this wasn't going to be so fun. He flipped through the rest of the file. Medical file. Birth certificate. Short, undetailed case summary. No pictures, he noticed. He turned to Dr. Loomis. "What exactly did she do to get in here?" he asked slowly. "The file didn't go into specifics."

There was a beat of silence and then Dr. Loomis took a photo out of the file he was carrying. "Here." Roger felt a twinge of apprehension as he took the photo. His stomach lurched as his eyes scanned the gruesome image.

"That was her first murder." Loomis said grimly, watching his face. "47 year old Harrison Carlyle. She gashed his eyes out, then took a power drill and drilled a hole straight through his temple."

Roger was only barely aware that they had started walking again. Dr. Loomis was still talking, but he was only half listening.

"She then brutally murdered her mother and sister, after which she targeted a group of her school yard tormentors."

Sirens were going off in Roger's head. He was going to be looking after a freakin' _serial killer_! The anger he'd been trying to repress since he'd gotten there flared again. They'd marched him in here blind, with no information on who or what he'd be looking after. They'd tricked him into baby-sitting what sounded like the freaking antichrist! His hands clenched involuntarily. This bitch had better behave herself or she'd be in for the most miserable 18 months of her life.

He was suddenly aware that they had stopped walking. They had stopped in front of a door, the same as all the other doors in the hallway, blank and indifferent to the horror behind it.

"Before we go in, I should warn you about Ash." Loomis said. "She is an expert at manipulating people. Flawlessly charming when she wants to be and dangerously clever. If she finds any weakness that she can use against you, she'll use it." He stopped and looked at Roger to make sure he was listening. "One very important rule is to never let her inside your head. Once she's in there, she can cause more harm and pain than she ever could with a weapon."

Roger nodded. Like he was going to let a murderer have free reign inside his head. "One more thing." Loomis added. "Never forget what we're dealing with here. Do you understand? _Never forget what we're dealing with here!_"

Roger arched one eyebrow. He was starting to get irritated with the safety lesson. He was a med student, after all. He knew better. "And what are we dealing with?" He asked.

"A monster." Loomis answered.

Skepticism colored Roger's tone when he answered. "A monster?"

Loomis looked at him for a long moment. " When we found her, she was sitting in the family room of the Carlyle house, surrounded by the bodies of the 4 teenagers she had murdered. And when we came in and saw what she'd done, she took one look at our faces and started laughing. Like what she'd done was the funniest thing in the world."

Roger inwardly bristled. But he put an appropriately abashed face and muttered "Sorry."

Loomis nodded. He reached for the doorknob, but then stopped just short of opening it. "One more thing." He said with his hand still on the doorknob. "Don't stare at her face. She hates that."

"What's wrong with her?" Roger started, when the door was pulled open. The first thing he registered was the presence of another orderly within the room, a young woman sitting on a metal chair. She set the book she was reading aside and stood up as they entered the room.

"This is Janet Edwards." Dr. Loomis said.

"I take the night shift." She said, stretching out her hand.

Roger grinned. "Roger Hall." He replied, shaking her extended hand.

"Nice of you to introduce me, Doctor." A voice said from behind him.

Roger turned. A girl sat on the metal cot in the corner, her back against the wall. She, too, was reading and hadn't looked up even when she'd spoken. Her face was beautiful in profile, her pale skin sprinkled with golden freckles, her auburn hair waving gently down her back. Her eyes flicked up from her book to meet his and he felt a sudden sensation like an ice cube slipping down his spine.

"This is Ash." Janet said from behind him.

The girl smiled. "Thank you, Janet." Her eyes flicked to his again and she turned her face to him. A sudden spike of revulsion left his already disturbed stomach churning. The right half of her face was terribly burned, the dark scars twisting and twirling across the canvas of her face and neck. A long scar criss-crossed with black stitches made her smile into a permanently lopsided sneer. Her auburn hair fell around her shoulders, the chunk touching her burns turned

an ashy gray. Her right hand was bandaged. Only her eyes appeared undamaged, dark brown eyes that seemed to swallow whatever light touched them and sent chills down Roger's spine.

She cocked her head to one side, like a snake watching a small bird. "So this is the new one." she said. She smiled in response to some secret amusement. "I hope he can handle this. But after all, why wouldn't he? He must be the best of the best if he was sent here to us."

Roger's anger flared hotter than it had before. She was mocking him! Apparently Dr. Loomis had seen it too because his voice turned suddenly stern.

"Ash." He said.

She gave him a lazy grin. "Sorry, couldn't resist having some fun with him." She turned back to Roger, her smile turned to a smirk. "My apologies, Roger. I didn't mean to insult you." With that, she turned back to her book and seemed to forget they were there.

Dr. Loomis motioned that it was time to leave. "Goodbye." Janet smiled as they left.

"Goodbye, Roger." Ash called. Her voice turned dark as she continued. "I look forward to seeing you tomorrow."

Roger couldn't help but shiver.

****Duhn Duhn DUHNNNN! So, how's everyone enjoying the story so far? Good? Anyway, please review and tell me what you thought and I PROMISE that Michael will be showing up in some way, shape or form next chapter. Thanks for reading!****

****~VulcanGirl17 ****

2. Chapter 2

****Disclaimer: I do not own Halloween or any of the characters. I just own Ash.****

****Howdy, folks! I hope everyone's still with me after the first chapter. I promise things will get more interesting as the story progresses. I'm still in the process of setting the stage, as it were. ****

Music swirled through her brain, the notes twirling and dancing before her eyes. The corners of her mouth drew upwards as she tapped her foot in time with the song. She opened her mouth and listened as the notes rang from her throat. She relished these moments. The moments when Janet trusted her enough to leave her alone. These times when she felt almost normal again and she could let her walls down the tiniest bit. Her eyes closed as she smiled. These times of almost peace.

It didn't last, though.

The sound of keys being put into the lock on her cell disturbed her from her peaceful mindset. One eye opened automatically. She

recognized the dark hair and seemingly-permanent scowl of the new orderly. Roger or whatever his name was. Her eyes narrowed. Bring it on, she thought. She arranged her face into a somewhat mocking smile as the door swung open and he stepped inside. "Good morning, Roger." She said. "You're back for round 2, I see." She watched as the irritation in his eyes grew in intensity. Her smile widened. This one will be fun to play with, she thought.

He shut the door behind him and turned to face her. "Let's get one thing straight." He growled. "I'm in charge here, not you. If you behave yourself and do what I tell you like a good little girl, then great. We'll get along just fine. But if you're going to keep acting like a condescending little bitch, then we're going to have a problem." He took a step towards her. "Understand?"

She had to fight to keep from giggling. He thought he could tell her what to do? She arranged her face into her equivalent of a polite smile. "Of course." She said sweetly. "Why wouldn't I behave myself?"

His eyes narrowed. "Do you want anything before I go?" He said. Rather rudely, in her opinion.

She smiled at his unsuccessfully muted reaction. "No thanks." She replied. "I got what I wanted for now."

He stood still for a moment and then turned and left, shutting the door a little harder than necessary. She smiled as she shut her eyes and let the music overtake her brain once again.

* * *

><p>Roger strode angrily through the halls, heading for the cafeteria. I need some coffee, he thought to himself, It's too early for this bullshit. His fists clenched as his thoughts traveled to the girl he'd just left. Bitch. His thoughts were interrupted as he nearly collided with someone.

"Sorry." The orderly said. Roger nodded, his attention focused on the other figure. The other man was tall, his long frame fairly well-muscled. He wore the white, scrub-like garment that all patients wore. There were chains around his wrists, his face covered by a white Halloween mask. And his eyes—his eyes were cold, black, bottomless pits that seemed to contain every nightmare Roger had ever had. "Come on, Michael." The orderly said, leading him away. Roger shivered slightly and started walking again. He getting pretty tired of this, the sense of almost-fear that seemed to follow him here. He shook his head and started walking again, slightly faster than before.

Upon entering the cafeteria, he scanned the room for a coffee machine. Spotting the familiar boxy shape, he wove his way around the few tables set up. Not many people here this early, he noticed. A few orderlies milling about, one or two patients who'd come down for breakfast. Filling a mug with black coffee, he stopped and inhaled the rich, warm scent.

"Hey, new guy!" He heard from behind him. He turned to see Carl sitting at one of the tables. Roger wove his way through the tangle of chairs and collapsed across from him. "Tired?" Carl asked,

grinning. Roger nodded, slowly sipping his coffee. Carl leaned back in his chair. "So," He said, " How's her majesty treating you?"

Roger scowled. "She's such aâ€¦"

"Bitch?" Carl finished. "Yeah, she's like that to pretty much everyone, 'cept for Janet." He frowned slightly. "Of course, she's never started in this quickly before. ' Guess she doesn't like you."

Roger rolled his eyes. "I don't need her to like me. She just better not try any bullshit."

Carl expression turned almost sympathetic. " She'll do more than try it. I'd invest in some good quality headache pills if I were you. Believe me, you'll need them."

They sat in silence for a moment before Roger rememberedâ€¦

"Hey, who's the freak in the Halloween mask?" He asked.

Carl grinned again. "Michael Myers, of course."

Roger gave him a blank stare. "Who?"

Carl gave him an incredulous look. "You've never heard of Michael Myers?"

Slight irritation crept into Roger's voice. "Why the hell would I pay attention to what goes in Smith's Grove, Illinois? I live in Boston."

Carl scowled slightly at his tone. "It didn't happen here. It happened in Haddonfield."

"Haddonfield?" Roger squinted, trying to remember something. "You mean that little town about 150 miles that way?" He pointed in vaguely northern direction.

Carl smirked slightly. "Yep!"

Roger leaned back in his chair and stretched out his legs. "So, what happened?"

Carl leaned forward, pleased at being able to tell the story. "15 years ago, on Halloween, Michael killed his older sister." He gestured slightly. "And we're not just talking killed, we're talking blood-by -the-bucketful. Stabbed her seventeen times. A six year old kid." He mimed stabbing someone. "His parents found him outside holding a bloody kitchen knife, still wearing his clown costume. No one knows why he did it and they'll probably never know." He finished his story and leaned back in his chair, grinning.

Roger sat back, digesting this information. "You say no one knows why he did it." He said. He looked up with an expression of skepticism. "Why don't you just ask him?"

Carl snorted. "He can't talk. The bastard's been a mute for 15 years. You ask him something, all he does is sit there and stare at

you."

Roger shook his head. "Pity Ash couldn't be mute, too."

Carl burst out laughing. "Pretty sureâ€| you're not aloneâ€| on that one." He wheezed.

Roger grinned. "Maybe we should introduce her and Michael. One who never talks and one who talks too much for her own good. Or anyone else's good, for that matter."

Carl laughed harder. "Oh god, I'd pay money to see that." Their chuckles trailed off into silence. "Actually," Carl said after a few moments, "I would love to see that."

Roger grinned slowly, sensing where he was going. "Yeahâ€|"

"And I heard one of the doctors talking the other day," Carl continued, " He was saying that maybe if Ash was introduced to one of the _calmer_ inmates, it might, oh how did he put it? Smooth over her rough edges."

Roger's grin widened. "And what do think will happen when they're put together?"

Carl smirked. "I'll bet 20 bucks that we put them in a room and all he does is ignore her. She's so used to getting her way with everybody, she won't know what to do." He shrugged. "Should be good for a few laughs."

"Might knock her down a few notches, too." Roger agreed.

Carl chuckled "God knows that wouldn't hurt."

* * *

><p>Sitting alone in his cell, Michael Myers was oblivious to the conspiracy being plotted in the room below his feet. He didn't hear the laughter or the lowered voices speaking against him. The voices he heard were moreâ€| internalized. He had no idea how the plan being hatched would affect him. He just sat, staring at the walls of his cell, staring pastthe walls with eyes as black as the devil's. Waiting.<p>

***Gasp! What shall come of this dastardly plan? Something worthy of an M rating, perhaps? Next chapter should see Ash thrown in with our favorite boogeyman. And much fun will ensue. Probably.**

~VulcanGirl117

3. Chapter 3

**Disclaimer: I do not own Halloween or any of the characters. I just own Ash. **

**Hey everybody! Sorry I took so long getting ch.3 up, but I've had a lot of stuff to do lately. Exams, Tsukino-Con, general laziness. Anyway, hope you all like chapter 3. And to all of you who are

waiting for the sex, IT WILL COME! I PROMISE IT WILL! **

"I think it's ridiculous."

"C'mon, Ash." Janet pleaded.

"No."

"It'll be good for you."

Ash snorted. "They said that about lobotomies and electroshock therapy, too."

Janet pinched the bridge of her nose between her finger and her thumb. She'd been trying to convince Ash of the merits of meeting new people for over 20 minutes. So far, Ash wasn't having any of it.

"Would it hurt to just meet the guy?" She asked

"_Yes." _Came the emphatic reply.

"How do you know? How do you know you won't like each other?"

Ash snorted again. "Oh yes, because everyone loves me. The Storm Lake Slasher, world's most beloved serial killer."

"You're acting like a complete child."

"Am not."

Janet huffed angrily. "Would you please just talk to him?"

Ash turned her head away slightly. "Why should I?"

Janet clenched her jaw. She had just about enough of this. "Because if you don't, I'll put peanut butter in your coffee."

Ash turned to face her and Janet was gratified to see a slightly alarmed expression on her face. "You wouldn't."

Janet smiled sweetly. "Oh, but I would."

Ash scowled. "Well, I'd like to see you explain to Dr. Loomis how, on your shift, I died because my airways swelled shut."

Janet scowled back. "How 'bout I pour bleach on your face while you're sleeping?"

There was a beat of silence. "That's not even funny. You know how I feel when people comment on my face."

"If I don't, will you please talk to Michael?"

"No."

Janet covered her eyes with one hand. This was going to end. Now. "Ash?"

"Yes?"

"Remember that picture I took of you? When you fell asleep wearing your glasses and they left a giant glasses imprint on your face?"

Ash scowled. "I hate those stupid glasses."

"That's not the point. Do you remember the picture?"

There was a beat of silence. "Yes."

Janet smiled slightly. "Well unless you cooperate, that picture might end up on a certain bulletin board. You know, the one that everyone sees every morning on their way to coffee?"

There was silence.

"That's unfair." Ash said finally. "I don't have anything on you."

"Well that's too bad, isn't it?" Janet replied.

Ash scowled. "I guess it wouldn't hurt to talk to him." She grumbled finally.

Janet smiled. "That wasn't so hard, was it?"

"I hate you."

"No, you don't."

Silence. "You're right, I don't hate you." Ash said as Janet was leaving. "I hate that you kept that stupid picture."

* * *

><p>"Is he in there?" Roger asked.<p>

Carl checked through the small window in the door. "Yep."

"Janet was supposed to be bringing Ash down." Roger said looking down the hall. "Although Ash probably isn't going to make it easy for her."

"Maybe she won't." Carl said, nodding down the hall. Janet was leading Ash towards them, one hand firmly on the chains around Ash's wrists.

"Bring her on in." Roger said to Janet.

Ash grinned at Roger. "My, it's only been a few days and already you're conspiring against me."

He gave her an innocent smile in return. Perhaps too innocent. "What conspiracy? Dr. Loomis just thought you should make some friends."

She chuckled softly and moved her eyes to Carl's face. "Carl! I haven't seen you for months. Where've you been hiding? You haven't visited me in such a long time."

A stony expression overtook Carl's usually happy face. "I've been busy."

Ash nodded understandingly. "Of course you have. Emotional issues take a long time to work out."

Carl's fists clenched.

Ash grinned. "How's that going, by the way? It can't be working too well. Forgive me, but didn't you leave crying last time you came to see me?"

"Ash, that's enough." Janet said sharply.

She just smiled.

Roger opened the door. "Bring her on in."

Janet walked with Ash to the door. "You ready for this?" She asked.

Ash shrugged casually. "Of course."

Roger held the door open as Janet led Ash into the small, blank room. The walls were white, the floor was white, the lights overhead burned white. No windows, Ash noted. A table was set up in the middle of the room. However, that detail hadn't really registered in Ash's mind. Her attention was focused on the man sitting behind the table. Though he was sitting, she could tell he was 6'2" or 6'3" standing up. She thought of her own 5'4" height and scowled slightly. Through the holes in his white mask, she could see the glitter of his black eyes. He was so still he didn't seem to breathe. He didn't react to their presence at all, just sat staring at nothing in particular. She moved a step closer and his black eyes suddenly locked on hers. A powerful shiver raced down her spine and she almost took a step backwards_. _Almost. _God_. she thought, _Last time I saw eyes like thatâ€¦ no, I won't even go there. _Her feelings of unease quickly turned to anger. He couldn't scare her. She was Ash Quinn, the Storm Lake Slasher! She wasn't afraid of anyone, least of all some freak who thought everyday was Halloween. She raised her chin slightly and stared right back.

Roger shut the door behind them. "This is Michael." He said to her. "Michael," He said grinning, turning towards the man at the table, "This is Ash. I hope you like her."

She narrowed her eyes at the sarcasm in his voice. Janet apparently hadn't found it very funny either because she said "You can leave now. I'll handle it from here."

Roger, still grinning, nodded. "I'll be in the observation room."

Ash didn't watch him go. Her eyes were still locked on the cold, black orbs in Michael's face.

"Ash?" Janet touched her shoulder. Ash tore her eyes away, breaking the staring match.

"Yes?"

"Are you going to stand here all day?" There was a slight smile in Janet's voice.

Ash sighed. "I don't suppose I have much a choice in the matter."

Janet led her over to the table. Ash sat down across from Michael, straightening her spine as she sat in the chair. He wasn't looking at her anymore, just staring off into space. "I'm in the next room." Janet said. "We'll be able to see what's going on through the one-way window." She pointed to what looked like a long mirror on one wall.

Ash nodded rather glumly. "Right."

Janet squeezed her shoulder slightly and gave her a stern look. "You be nice." She said.

Ash gave her a charming grin in return. "Of course. I'm always nice."

Janet shook her head slightly as she left.

Ash listened as the door clicked shut. "So," She said. "It's just you and me now."

He didn't answer, didn't even react to her words.

She grinned a slightly sarcastic grin. "So, read any good books lately?"

Nothing.

Her smile faded and she tipped her head to one side. "You're not much of a talker, are you?"

Silence. For all she knew, he might not even be breathing.

"Hellllooo?" She said, waving her hand in front of his face. "Anyone there?"

His eyes locked on hers again and she forced herself not to flinch. "Well, nice to know you're still alive."

His eyes burned into hers and she stared right back, trying hard not to blink. Her eyes starting watering slightly after about a minute. _Doesn't this guy ever need to blink?, _she thought. Luckily, he looked away first, his black eyes shifting to the wall behind her.

Her eyes narrowed. He was ignoring her! Well, fine. If he didn't want to play, that was fine with her. She'd make her own fun.

* * *

><p>2 Hours. She'd been staring at the ceiling for 2. God-damn. Hours. She'd gotten so bored at one point she'd tried playing I-Spy

with herself. It didn't help. I-spy with my little eye, something that is white. Oh wait, everything's white. Ahahahahaâ€|

She'd considered playing with Michael, but that probably wouldn't have been much different than playing with herself. Her eyes flicked once again to the strange man in front of her. Unlike her, he didn't seem bored at all. He just sat there, staring at nothing in particular, never saying a word.

_Why won't he talk to me? _She wondered as she watched him. A part of her mind, the part she called Ashley, seemed to break off and become independent. _He won't even look at me. _Ashley sounded sad. _Am I so unlikable that even another killer refuses to talk to me? _

Another part, the part she called Ash, broke off and faced Ashley. _Shut up, you sniveling brat! _She snarled. _So, he won't talk to us. Who cares? Who the hell cares? Not us. You know why? Because we're Ash Quinn. The Storm Lake Slasher. If we don't like someone, we kill them. Who cares if some freak in a Halloween mask doesn't have the courtesy to listen when we're talking? _

Ash, the real Ash, the one sitting in the room with said masked freak, smiled. "Yeah." She said out loud, before clapping a hand over her mouth.

Michael's eyes locked on her face again and this time, his eyes appeared less blank. Almostâ€| questioning. _Great, _she thought. _He probably thinks I'm crazy. Oh, wait. I just remembered I don't care. _She sat up taller and looked him right in the eye. "Yeah." She repeated. He stared at her a second longer and then returned to watching whatever was more interesting than her. She watched his face to see if he'd look at her again. When it was apparent that he wasn't going to, she turned away with a noise of disgust.

"Wow, you two must be getting along _really_ well." A voice from the doorway said. "The love and friendship in the air is almost suffocating."

"Fuck you." She replied without turning around.

Ignoring her not-so-subtle hint to take a hike, Roger sauntered over to the table. "Did you to have a nice chat? What did you talk about? Did you compare body counts?"

"_Shut up." _

Upon hearing the edge in her voice, Roger's eyes seemed to get brighter. "Or did you just make plans for a cozy double homicide? Hmmm? Maybe planning on teaming up? Dynamic Duo, and all that jazz?"

"_Will you cut that out!"_

Both their heads turned towards the door. Janet was standing there, hands on her hips, glowering at Roger. She marched into the room and began fastening the chains around Ash's wrists.

"Ouch." Ash winced as the fastening caught the delicate skin on her wrist.

"Sorry." Janet murmured.

After double checking the fastening, Janet rose to her feet and glared at Roger. "You. Out." She said, pointing at the door.

He grinned and strolled out the door. Janet led Ash after him. Carl was waiting outside the door, hands in his pockets. "So, how'd it go?" He asked in the same sarcastic voice Roger had used.

Ash smiled, although what came out was really more of a bitter grimace. "Oh, it was fantastic. We had a lovely little tea party and swapped stories of our adventures on the high seas. _How the hell do you think it went?" _

Roger's grin widened. "Ooohhh, somebody's grumpy today."

"_I'M NOT GRUMPY!" _

"_Stop it, both of you!_" Janet yelled. "_You two leave her alone!"_

Janet gave them one last glare before turning and marching away, leading Ash by her chains. Ash turned her head and just before she rounded the corner, stuck her tongue out at them.

After they disappeared, Carl burst out laughing. "Didâ€| you seeâ€| her face?" He wheezed. "She had her pride punctured like a cheap party balloon!"

Roger starting laughing too. "2 hours. He ignored her for 2 hours." He laughed harder. "God, you could practically see the fuses blowing in her brain while she tried to get his attention."

Carl gasped for breath. "And the best part is that we've got 13 more days of this. Dr. Loomis said we'd try this for 2 weeks and then, if nothing happened, we'd stop. We've got 13 days of watching her slowly lose her mind."

Roger laughed harder still, clutching his ribs. " Bitch ain't off the hook yet." He grinned.

****I told you much fun would (probably) ensue! Oh, and to explain a few things I thought might have been a little confusing:****

****1. The peanut-butter In the coffee: Ash is allergic is to peanut-butter. Yep, pretty self explanatory. Just thought that'd be fun to throw in.****

****2. The glasses picture: Ash wears glasses when reading. Sorry, forgot to mention that, but she does. Yeah. ****

****So, hope everyone's enjoying the story and next chapter should really see the start of some ****_**really**_**** exciting crap.****

****~VulcanGirl17****

****Disclaimer:** I do not own Halloween or any of the characters. I just own Ash. ******

****Hey, everyone!** Sorry it's taken so long to get the next chapter up. Had a little bit of writer's block for a while. Anyway In this chapter, some more crap happens. Ash freaks out, we get a look at the inside of Michael's head and we get some insight into Ash's past. Enjoy! ******

"A week."

"Hmmm?" Janet said, not looking up from her book.

"He's ignored me for a week." Ash clarified dully. "Doesn't even look at me, just stares at the wall behind my head."

Janet's eyes flicked up to look at the rather morose-looking killer.

Ash folded her arms and her sulky scowl deepened. "Won't even answer me when I talk."

Suddenly it was Janet's turn to scowl. Of course those two morons hadn't filled her in! Why she'd trusted them to tell Ash anything in the first place was beyond her. She'd have to chalk this up to a lapse in judgment.

"Well, this was sort of to be expected." Janet said, putting down her book and taking a deep breath, preparing for the inevitable explosion. "He hasn't spoken to anyone in 15 years."

Ash stopped pacing like she'd hit a brick wall. "What?"

Janet gave her a sympathetic look. "He never talks to anyone. They think he's mute." She gave an apologetic look. "I'm sorry, I thought you knew."

Ash whirled around. "NO, I DIDN'T KNOW! ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT I'VE SPENT THE LAST WEEK TRYING TO HOLD A CONVERSATION WITH A FREAKING MUTE?"

Janet rolled her eyes. "Ash, calm down."

"NO, I WON'T CALM DOWN! I'VE MADE AN IDIOT OUT OF MYSELF FOR A WEEK!"

"You're being melodramatic."

"A WEEK!"

Janet rolled her eyes again. "I'm not deaf, Ash. I heard you the first time."

Ash glowered at her. "What was the point of this?" She asked. Janet could tell she was fighting to keep her voice calm. "Why are we even doing this?"

Janet laced her fingers and stared down at them, choosing her words. "It would be goodâ€¦ for you to have someone to talk to."

Ash, still scowling, raised an eyebrow. "I talk to you."

Janet smiled sadly. "Someone more like you."

Ash grimaced. "I don't need 'someone like me' to talk to."

Janet got up from her chair and sat down beside Ash. "You do need someone to talk to. This thing you do, not talking to anyone, shutting everything in, putting on this tough act," Janet shook her head. "It's not good for you. If you keep it up, you couldâ€¦"

"â€¦Go even crazier?" Ash finished.

"Ash." Janet's eyes were sad as she spoke. "I know how lonely you get in here. I know how Anna's death still hurts you. I know you want a friend that you can trust." She put an arm around Ash's shoulders. "But you need to make an effort."

"I trust you." Ash said without looking up.

Janet smiled sadly. "Not completely. Because you know I'm obligated to pass on the information you give me."

Ash sighed. "You say I have to make an effort." She looked up, frustration in her eyes. "But I have been. This guy refuses to notice me." She looked down again. "It's infuriating."

Janet smiled, a slight twinkle in her eye. "How do you know he hasn't noticed you? Do you have access to the inside of his head?"

Ash scowled. "C'mon. He's ignored me in favor of the wall for 7 days. I could walk in there wearing a garter belt and a pineapple hat and he wouldn't notice a thing."

Janet laughed. "Oh, I don't know about that." She grinned. "I think the garter belt might open his eyes. Seriously, though," She said. "I think he has noticed you. You're very very pretty for someone who practically lost half their face."

Ash glanced up. "Thanks. I think."

"Have some faith, would you?" Janet smiled. "Use that confidence you're so lucky to have."

* * *

><p>Michael sat, staring at the same wall he'd looked at for over a week. Waiting, always waiting. But not for that thing he'd waited 15 years for, oh no. He was waiting for her. And she was late. Again. They always brought him in here first. Probably because you're soooo good at waiting, Mikey, his mind whispered. Her on the other hand. He snickered inwardly, thinking of her reaction if she had to sit and wait for him. You'd think after spending some time in here, she'd have learned a little patience. Apparently not. She didn't seem to have patience for anything. She didn't even seem to be able to sit still for more than a minute at a time. She'd spent the last 7 days constantly tapping her foot, or twisting her hair between her fingers, or shifting in her chair every few seconds. It had been amusing at first, but it quickly got irritating. She talked

sometimes, although he was never sure whether she was talking to him or just talking to herself. And sometimes she would just sit and stare at the ceiling. He studied her face sometimes, during those moments she wasn't looking. The twisted scars that bled down her face and stained her neck, her rust-colored hair with the wide streak of grey, her eyes. Dark brown eyes that were somehow warm and cold at the same time. Her slim, lithe body, casually tipped back in her chair. _I wonder why she's here, _he thought to himself. _What did she do? _Half-formed ideas danced in the back of his brain, none presenting itself.

He sighed inaudibly, thoughts still on his fellow inmate. Now, to say that he liked Ash Quinn would be incorrect. He didn't like her. For one, he didn't know enough about her to decide whether he liked her or not. Two, he knew that sooner or later she'd stop coming and then it wouldn't matter. And three, she wasn't particularlyâ€¦ likeable. Quite the opposite. To say that he found her interesting, that was the kicker. He found her very interesting. After all, she was the first person he'd seen in a long time who wasn't either an orderly or the latest in a never-ending string of doctors. She was the first _girl_ (again, not counting doctors and orderlies) he'd seen since his baby sister had visited him all those years ago. At the thought of his sister, the things inside his mind began whispering to him. Swirling indistinct voices, always whispering the same thing. _Soon_, they hissed in his ears, _the time is almost upon you. Kill her. Kill, kill, KILL! _His black eyes fastened on the wall in front of him. And the waiting game began again.

* * *

><p>Ash stood motionless as Janet fastened the chains around her wrists. Against her better judgment, she was going back to talk to Michael. She scowled. If it had been up to her (which it wasn't), she wouldn't be going back. She could take abuse, she could take insults. Humiliation was what she couldn't stand. And, really, that was all she was getting from this. She knew Roger and Carl sat behind that one-way window and laughed themselves sick everyday at her expense. The knowledge made her bristle with anger. Yep, if anyone cared about her opinion, she wouldn't be going back. But by not going back, wouldn't you be admitting defeat?, her mind whispered smugly. _Shut up, you._ She thought back, _I am in no mood today. _She growled quietly. No, it was the humiliation of being ignored no matter what she did that got under her skin. Humiliationâ€¦ boy, did she know about that. A memory, light as a feather, flashed across her mindâ€¦

"_Ha! Look at her run!" Stacey screeched with laughter, her blonde pigtailed swinging as she ran. _

"_I think she's starting to cry!" Finn yelled. His laughter grew louder as he high-fived Robert. _

"_What a baby!" Karen's grin widened as they zeroed in on the small red-head they were chasing. _

_A 12- year old Ash ran like a frightened rabbit, her arms pumping, her breath whistling in her throat. _Can't let 'em catch me, can't let 'em catch me, can't let 'em, can't, can't CAN'T! _Her mind chanted over and over. Her chest ached and she was started to flag seriously. She chanced a look over her shoulder and, in doing so,

failed to see the pothole in front of her. Now, Storm Lake was never a wealthy town. Even in good years the streets were full of potholes and the sidewalks full of cracks. 1971 wasn't one of those good years. Her toe caught the edge of the hole and she went sprawling. A glassy jab of pain shot up her arm as she landed on her wrist. A whimper of pain escaped her throat, eyes watering. She heard feet pounding the pavement- or was that her heart? _

"_Got you." _

She turned her head. Her five pursuers had stopped in a sort of half-circle around her. They looked at her the way a cat looks at a crippled bird; grins predatory, eyes full of a sick sort of glee.

"_You ran away, little baby!" Tara spoke first, her dark curls flashing in the weak sun, her blue eyes feverish with a sort of sadistic glee. "And just when we were starting to have fun!"

_

"_Le-leave me alone." Ash hated how her words stuck in her throat, the scratchy sound of tears evident in her voice. _

"_Or what?" Tara's bullying grin turned to a sarcastic smirk. "You'll drown us in your tears? Have daddy arrest us?" _

_Ash didn't answer. She stared at the pavement, trying to block out the barrage of insults aimed at her. _Sticks and stones can break my bones, but names will never hurt me_

"_Hey!" A voice broke into her thoughts. Her shoulders stiffened and she slowly looked up. Tara's mocking smile was gone. Fury now showed in her blue eyes. Ash felt the hairs on the back of her neck stand up. _She's going to kill me. _The thought flashed across her mind as she stared into those pale blue orbs. _Oh my god, she's going to kill me.

Tara moved towards her and she flinched back, trying to make herself as small as possible, as if she could avoid what was coming by making herself less noticeable

_A hand shot out and yanked her up by her collar. "You look at me when I'm talking to you, do you understand you little slut?" Ash's mouth opened and closed like a beached fish, her throat too dry to even make a sound. Tara shook her, the fury in her eyes intensifying. "Well, do you?" _

"_Y-y-yes." She really was starting to cry now, she was so scared. Tears coursed down her cheeks and her legs shook under her. "Y-yes, I uh-underst-stand."_

_Tara's grin returned, too wide and too vicious to be comforting. "Good." She hissed and let go of Ash's collar. Ash dropped to the ground and just sat there, shaking and trying to wipe her tears. Tara watched her, still smiling in that unsettling way. "What do you say we teach the little crybaby a lesson?" She asked her friends, eyes never leaving the small, red-haired girl on the ground. _

"_Yeah!" Stacey screeched. "Let's teach her who's top dog around here!"_

"_Yeah!" Karen repeated. _

_Tara grinned at her friends and, with one smooth movement, snatched Ash's glasses off her face. _

"_Hey! Give those back!" Ash shouted. She grabbed for them, but Tara held them just out of her reach._

"_You want 'em? Come and get 'em!" Tara threw the glasses to Finn who caught them, laughing. _

"_Piggy in the middle!" Ash made another grab for her glasses, which didn't work too well considering Finn had a good 6 inches on her. He tossed the glasses to Stacey, who put them on and struck a cowering pose. _

"_Please don't hit me!" She shrieked in a whiny, high-pitched voice. "My mommy does that enough already!" _

_Ash let out a sob as she made a wild snatch for her glasses. Stacey threw them to Karen who held them up, laughing. "Too slow, skank!" She shouted, tossing the glasses to Robert. _

"_What's wrong, rusty? Too short? Can't reach them?" He dangled them over her head, laughing. She jumped up, trying to grab them which only made him laugh harder. Tara, her mocking laughter ringing, reached over and gave her a good shove backwards. She landed on her bad wrist, a strangled cry of pain forcing it's way out of her throat, tears flowing again. _

"_Crybaby! Crybaby! Crybaby!" They all chanted, forming a circle around her. _

"_Here's your glasses, crybaby!" Tara tossed the glasses onto the pavement. There was the oddly musical sound of tinkling glass as one of the lenses smashed. Ash's hands shook as she picked them up and stared at the broken lens in silent horror. _

_Tara smiled down at her, her grin bullying and horribly _knowing_. "Better run home and tell mommy, _Ash." _The sarcastic emphasis on her name rang. _

Ash picked herself up, not looking at any of them as her own name rang in her ears. "Ash, ash, ashâ€¦|

"â€¦|Ash, ASH!"

She jolted back to reality and found, not Tara calling her name, but Janet. She was looking at her questioningly. "Where've you been? I finished putting the chains on 5 minutes ago."

"Iâ€¦|" She cleared her throat slightly. "â€¦|Was just remembering someâ€¦| stuff."

Understanding flooded Janet's eyes. "Ah." She said. She tactfully pretended to be interested in the tiles on the ceiling while Ash got into a more stable frame of mind.

Ash shut her eyes and breathed deeply through her nose. _It's not

real, _She thought. _It's not real, they're gone, they're dead, they can't ever hurt me again. _She let the breath out with a sharp blast. _No one will ever hurt me again. _When opened her eyes, her usual facial expression was back in place. Calm, slightly condescending and with a touch of what she called self-confidence and others called arrogance.

Having finished her examination of the ceiling tiles, Janet smiled. "Ready?"

Ash grinned, all confidence. "Of course. Why wouldn't I be?"

Janet took a tight hold of Ash's chains and opened the door. Day 8 started now.

Originally, this chapter was going to be longer and end with an Ash and Michael scene. But it ended up being so long that I had to cut it in half. So, Chapter 5 should be up within the next couple of days. Excitement will ensue! :D

~VulcanGirl117

5. Chapter 5

Disclaimer: I do not own Halloween or any of the characters. I just own Ash.

Hello, good people! Chapter 5 is done! And stuff is finally starting to get moving! WOOOOOOO!

Ash was counting ceiling tiles. And why shouldn't she? It wasn't like there was anything else to do. What felt like her millionth attempt to get Michael's attention had gone down in flames, so she was back to trying to amuse herself. Only problem was that she was running out of things to do. She'd tried humming to herself, telling herself jokes, counting all the things in the room that were whiteâ€¦ she'd even tried having a staring contest with Michael. Which he'd won (much to her irritation.) So, just about at her limit, she counted ceiling tiles. Only problem was she couldn't seem to keep her mind focusedâ€¦

"_Please don't hit me! My mommy does that enough already!"_

She growled under her breath. That had been low even for Stacey, whose brain power had been comparable to that of a woodchuck. She grinned slightly. Oh yes, she knew all about that one. In fact, she'd proven that little myth herself, hadn't she? Oh yes she had. After all, she'd opened up Stacey's cranium herself. Yep, Stacey really had been as dumb as everyone had thought she was. Ash's grin widened. _How do ya' like them apples, honey? _

She chuckled softly. Her good mood was dashed, however, when the door crashed open behind her and an unpleasantly familiar voice reached her ears.

"Well, if it isn't old two-face. Heads or tails, Harvey?"

She grimaced slightly. "Hello, Roger."

He sauntered over to the table and leaned over her chair. "What, no wise-ass comments today?"

She grinned back. "Oh, I have plenty. But none that you could understand."

His eyes flashed slightly. His hand came towards her face and, for a moment, she got the distinct impression he was going to slap her. Instead, he poked at the puckered scar leading from the corner of her mouth up towards her ear. "Nice smile, honey. Ever been to Glasgow?"

Her grin widened threateningly, showing more of her teeth. "Nice to see you paid attention in school."

Roger slowly strolled around the table and leaned forward, resting his elbows on the plastic surface. "So, I was doing a little background check on a certain someoneâ€¦"

She leaned back in her chair. "This certain someone wouldn't happen to have auburn hair and a certainâ€¦ distaste for institutions, would she?"

"Andâ€¦" He continued, ignoring her comment. "I noticed something kind of odd."

The corners of her mouth turned up in a mocking smile. "Well, by all means, share your insight."

He grinned. "Your file mentioned someone. From what it said, she wasn't a victim. She wasn't related to any of the victims." His grin widened. "It seems she wasn't connected to the murders at all."

Ash smiled. "I'm flattered. You must be very interested in me if you're wasting your time poking through my files."

Roger leaned towards her. "Well, I thought it was very odd that someone, who had nothing to do with your little killing spree, should be mentioned in your file." His grin suddenly became sadistic. Predatory. "Perhaps you remember her connection to you. Her name was Anna Sorenson."

Ash's heart missed a beat before settling into a uneven, thundering rhythm. Her mouth opened slightly as she stared at him. His eyes narrowed at he gauged her reaction. He began casually studying the nails on his left hand as he talked. "Well, I wanted to know why she was in your file, and I didn't think you'd be veryâ€¦ receptive to questions." His eyes flashed up to meet hers. "So, I did a little background check."

Ash's hands clenched convulsively into fists and she stuck them under the table to hide them. I'm not going to let him get to meâ€¦

He waited until her eyes were fixed on his again before continuing. "I found an old newspaper article. From about six years ago. "Teen found dead in backyard." He leaned towards her. "It was suicide, wasn't it? The article said she was found hanging from a tree in her backyard. Her parents found her." He shook his head. "Poor bastards."

Ash clenched her teeth until she felt one of her molars crack.

"It still didn't say how she was connected to you, but I figured it out pretty well on my own." He tilted his head and smiled a cruel little smile right at her. "She was your friend, wasn't she? And if you were as lovable back then as you are now, I'm guessing she was your only friend."

Ash had to sink her nails into her thighs to keep herself in her chair.

"Now why, Ashley? Why did she kill herself? I'm sure you know." He tilted his head the other way, watching her. "Those kids you murdered, they bullied you, didn't they? Did they beat you up? Make fun of you? Call you names? Did they make you cry?" He grinned, perfectly aware of how much he was making her suffer. "And if she was friends with you, I'm pretty sure they bullied her too."

She glared at him, her lips pulled back slightly from her teeth. You're enjoying this aren't you, you self-important little prick.

"That was why she killed herself, wasn't it?" He asked. "She couldn't take it anymore. She chose the coward's way out."

Ash was shaking from anger and from the strain of keeping herself from pulling back her fist and snapping it into his face. Or from doing something worse. I could rip his throat out with my teeth. Tear out his jugular and watch as his eyes bulge and he fruitlessly tries to keep the blood from spraying out. Watch as those ugly blue scrubs slowly turn red.

He smiled as he watched her face. "You think about that day all the time, don't you? Think about that day and wonder if you could have saved her. Tell me, did you cry at her funeral? You sure avenged her, hunted down those big bad bullies that were the reason her life ended." His grin widened to the point where it almost delirious, and, for one horrible moment, she was reminded of Tara. "How do you know they were the reason, though? How do you know that they were the reason she chose to slip a noose around her neck? How do you know it wasn't you?"

She almost positive her heart stopped beating then. The thundering rhythm in her ears stopped and all she heard was the ragged breath being drawn through her lips.

"How do you know it wasn't something you did that pushed her over the edge?" Roger teeth were drawn back from his lips in a twisted smile, full of a sick sort of glee. Every frustration he'd had since arriving leapt from his lips as hateful, biting insults, all directed at the girl he hated. "You can't have been the greatest friend, judging from your oh-so wonderful people skills. How do you know you weren't the reason she killed herself?"

A veil of red had come down over her vision. Her pulse thundered in her ears and she could taste blood, hot and coppery, at the back of her throat.

He leaned forward, still grinning. "How do you know it wasn't all. Your. Fault."

Her eyes snapped open and she leapt forward with a shriek of rage. Roger stumbled back, but wasn't quick enough; Ash snapped her hand round to his face, her fingers like claws, and raked her nails across his cheek. "What the fuck!?" He shrieked, clutching his cheek, blood squirting from between his fingers.

Ash's lips pulled so far back from her teeth that the stitches holding her cheek together split; Roger could see all her teeth, all the way to her back molars, her mouth twisted into a sadistic, leering snarl. "YOU BASTARD!" Her voice was unnaturally piercing, fuelled by blind rage and absolute hate. He looked into her eyes and saw his own death; she meant to kill him, as slow and as agonizing as humanly possible. A sudden thought leaped across his mind.

_She's going to rip my eyes out she's going to split my skull and scoop out my brains she's going to rip my limbs off one by one she's going to bite my face apart bit by bit oh god please don't let it hurt! _

He hadn't thought she'd react this strongly. He wasn't suicidal; he had no wish to die. As he looked into her eyes, he saw she meant to do. They'd find him disemboweled and strangled with his own intestines like Robert Denton. Or his skull empty, brains scooped out onto the floor like Stacey Landen. Looking into her eyes, he finally understood how she could do those things. He saw insanity, like an oozing black tar, coating her mind. There was no human in there; there was only this monster shaped like a 19 year-old girl. There was this thing with the burned face and the hideous Glasgow smile.

She was shaking, his blood dripping off her fingers and landing in sizzling drops on the linoleum floor. "You're right. Anna was my friend. My best friend since I was 5 years old. I loved her like a sister." She raised her head and her eyes stared burning holes through him. "And I would have died for her." She took a step towards him and he involuntarily flinched back. "I suppose I did avenge her that day. They killed her, so I took them apart piece. By. Piece. And you know what?" She smiled slowly. That slow, deliberate smile would haunt Roger's nightmares until the day he died. "I enjoyed every. Fucking. Minute of it."

"You sick, twisted bitch." He hissed. "You act so high and mighty, like what you did was the right thing, but you're a monster. No, you're a scared little girl hiding behind a mask of scar tissue."

She let out a screaming snarl and launched herself at him. Her fingers bit into his cheek as she tried to rip at his face with her fingernails. He grabbed her throat and squeezed; she gasped as his fingers bit into her windpipe and lowered her face. His grip loosened slightly and she suddenly jerked forward and sank her teeth into his shoulder. He screamed and tried to push her face back; she just bit down harder, teeth tearing through muscle and sinew, blood splattering hot on her face.

_I'm going to kill you I'm going to kill you slow I'm going to take you apart piece by piece and make you watchâ€¦| _

Suddenly, she was aware of someone's hands pulling her away. "Ash, stop!" She heard someone screaming. Their sounded distant,

unimportant like it was coming from an old-time radio. She jerked forward, snarling, her eyes locked on Roger's face, trying to get at him again so she could finish what she'd started. The hands pulled her back again and a brilliant pain bloomed across her cheekbone. The hands had slapped her. The red veil was shocked away and her surroundings unhazed. Janet was shaking her, her eyes huge in her paper-white face. "Ash, please!" She was crying. "Please stop!" She was vaguely aware that Roger was now moaning, blood pooling on the floor beneath his back. Carl had pressed a cloth to the wound and was now helping him out the door. She was aware that Dr. Loomis was watching her closely from the doorway and that Janet was still staring at her, white-faced. Carl shot her a look which clearly wished her a slow and painful death on his way out. Janet put her hands on her shoulders and led her back to the table. "Sit here for a minute." She murmured. "I'll be back." Ash watched her follow after Carl and Roger, the door settling closed as she went.

She sat, clenching and unclenching her fists. What Roger had done was beyond petty meanness. It was plain cruel. She lowered her head, her hair flopping over her eyes. Anna had died almost 6 years ago. For 6 years, she'd battled with the pain, trying to beat it into submission. Now, thanks to Dr. Dumbass, the pain was back, as strong as it had been the day Anna had died. It wormed its way down into her chest, where it curled around her heart and squeezed. _Hello Ash, _it seemed to say. _I haven't seen you in a while. Did you miss me? I sure missed you. _She squeezed her eyes shut, her lips pulled back over her teeth, her torn cheek stretching. _You thought you could make me go away, couldn't you. You thought one day you could be free. _She was vaguely aware that she was shaking. _Well, I've got news for you honey; I'm not going anywhere. It'll always hurt this badly, no matter how hard you try to move on. _Tears welled up behind her eyelids. _It's the one thing you can count on, that I'll always be here to make you remember. Now, _ it seemed to smile smugly, _doesn't that sound nice? _

"Shut UP!" She shrieked, pressing her hands to her ears. Her body quivered like a tuning fork, her vision blurring in and out. Somewhere in her mind it registered that she was probably on the verge of mental breakdown. _Would it really matter? _Her mind supplied grumpily. _My mind's already broken. Another episode isn't really going to make much of a difference. _Her skin suddenly broke out in goose bumps, the hair on the nape of her neck standing up. An odd crawly feeling whispered across her skin. _You're being watched, _her mind helpfully supplied. She been so caught up in her own anger and misery, she'd forgotten she had an audience.

Michael hadn't moved throughout the entire episode. Not a muscle. His black eyes were locked on hers, utterly blank. _Hope you're enjoying the view, asshole, _she thought. Her eyes wandered across the ceiling, across the walls, anywhere, trying to avoid his mindless stare. The coals of her anger, having started cooling down, flared up once again. He was doing this on purpose. He was trying to make her break. She clenched her teeth and stared back at him, trying to make her gaze as piercing as she could. The air seemed to crackle as they stared each other down.

Eerily slow, he tipped his head to one side. Suddenly his eyes didn't look so blank. They looked almostâ€¦ curious. Like he was studying her. Like sheâ€¦ amused him.

That one tiny movement sent her over the edge. She slammed her fist down on the table between them. "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LOOKING AT?!" She screamed. "WHAT, YOU'VE NEVER SEEN SOMEONE LOSE IT BEFORE? YOU LIVE IN A FUCKING MENTAL INSTITUTION! WAKE UP!"

He didn't react. He just sat there, perfectly calm, like he was having tea on the back porch, rather than being faced with a murderously angry girl.

The red was beginning to creep back into her vision. She spun around, with her hands clenched so hard her knuckles were white. "GOD DAMMIT!" She screamed. She spun around to face him again, her hair violently fanning out around her. "YOU PROBABLY THINK THIS SO GOD DAMNED FUNNY, DON'T YOU? YOU'RE PROBABLY LAUGHING YOU'RE HEAD OFF UNDER THAT STUPID MASK OF YOURS!" She slammed her fists down on the table again. "WHY ARE WE EVEN DOING THIS? WHAT. IS. THE FUCKING. POINT?" She could feel the torn flap of her cheek starting to protest, but she ignored it. She needed to. "WHAT DO THEY THINK IS GOING TO HAPPEN? THAT WE'RE GOING TO BECOME BEST BUDDIES AND EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT FINE?!" Her vision was starting to cloud with tears. "THE ONLY FRIEND I'M EVER GOING TO HAVE HUNG HERSELF FROM THE TREE IN HER BACKYARD! AND THEY KNOW IT! THEY'RE LAUGHING!" She spun around again. "_FUCK!" _

She screamed so loudly that she felt something tear in her throat. She brought her fists down to hang by her sides, her hair hanging in her face. "Fuck." She repeated, her voice choked. She could feel the anger ebbing away from her brain, leaving misery and heart-shattering pain in its wake. She swayed slightly in one place before dropping into her chair and covering her face with her hands.

She raised her face and glared at him through a thin film of tears. "What did you even do to get in here? Irritate someone to death?" Her face dropped back into her hands.

Tears, hot and salty, ran down her cheeks. She kept her hands firmly pressed over her face. She wasn't going to let him see her cry.

Michael watched her, his face smoothly tipping the other way. His eyes took in the way her shoulders hitched, though she was desperately trying to hide it. He saw the drying blood on her fingertips and the faintly forming bruises on her windpipe. His black eyes took it all in. His hands, resting on the cool tabletop, moved to his pocket. He took a small object from the pocket and sat with it in his hands. It was a small whiteboard. They'd given it to him in the first few months of his incarceration, thinking that maybe it would encourage him to communicate. No luck. He ran his thumb over the smooth, plasticky surface. It had never been used.

Her breathing hitched slightly as Ash abruptly stopped crying. She could hear an unfamiliar, squeaky noise from somewhere across from her. She raised her head slowly, trying to surreptitiously wipe her tears as she did. Her eyes widened. Michael had a small whiteboard in his hands. The squeaking noise was the sound of the marker on the surface. He abruptly stopped and turned the board so she could see the words. She involuntarily leaned forward. The writing was fairly neat, but childish somehow. She narrowed her eyes and mouthed the words on the smooth, white surface:

I killed my sister.

****Michael wrote her a note! Could this be the start of something? Well, let's hope so, because I don't have a story otherwise. Anyway, I have a few things I'd like to mention:****

****1. Anyone who caught my Harvey Dent reference gets an imaginary cookie :D****

****2.***When Roger asks her if she'd ever been to Glasgow, I making a reference to the Glasgow smile. If you still have no idea what I'm talking about, Google it.****

****3. I do not think that suicide is a coward's way out. It makes me very sad that some people feel like their only option is to kill themselves. But I was trying to make Roger as much of a dick as possible during the argument. So, yeah. Please no one jump on me for that. ****

****4. Michael will never talk in this story (or in any of the Halloween fics I may write.) His 'dialogue' will be limited to body language and notes.****

****I guess that's about it for now. Chapter 6 will lead more into this establishing friendship. And possibly lead to sex. Ciao!****

****~VulcanGirl17 ****

6. Chapter 6

****Disclaimer: I do not own Halloween or any of the characters. I just own Ash.****

****My apologies for taking so long with updating. I had some trouble deciding how to finish the chapter. Anyway, things are rolling now! ****

"_Now, stand up and tell the class your name." _

She stood up slowly, her white-blond hair quivering on her shoulders as she shook. Her eyes flicked up to look at the other children and quickly down again, before they saw her looking.

"_Well? Tell everyone your name." Mrs. Willis, kindergarten teacher at Storm Lake Elementary, looked at the small girl rather insistently. _

_The girl mumbled something unintelligible. _

"_Speak up!" Mrs. Willis barked. _

_The girl squeezed her eyes shut as she heard the other children giggle. "A-a-an-nna S-s-s-sâ€|" _

"_Annaâ€|?" Mrs. Willis prompted impatiently. _

"â€|_S-s-s-sâ€|" She shook harder, trying to spit that last stubborn syllable out. "S-sorenson!" She spat out at last, rather louder than

she meant to. _

_Mrs. Willis looked at the small girl as if she'd personally disappointed her and sighed. "Thank you, Anna. You may sit down."

_

Still shaking, she half- walked, half- ran back to her desk. A foot was suddenly stuck into the aisle and she went sprawling. The giggling which had slowly been gaining volume during her introduction exploded into laughter. "Whoops! Sorry, mush-mouth!" Someone taunted. Sniffling, she picked herself up and half-fell into her desk. Her hid her face in her arms and wished that she could just disappear.

* * *

><p>"Keep-away! Keep-away!"

Tears dribbled down Anna's cheeks as she tried in vain to reclaim her stolen lunch box. Her mum had bought it especially for her first day of school. She had felt so proud, swinging it by its handle, Yogi Bear making a getaway with a pic-a-nic basket on the metal lid. She'd felt so happy. And now it was being dangled over her head while she cried and strained to reach it.

"_What's the matter, mush-mouth? Can't reach it?" The same boy who'd tripped her grinned tauntingly, holding the metal box just out of her reach. _

"_G-g-g-iv-v-v-e i-it b-b-ac-ck." The harder she cried, the worse her stutter became. _

"_S-s-u-r-r-re t-th-i-i-ng." The boy mocked. He threw the lunch box at the pavement, denting the lid and breaking the clasp. The lid never again closed properly, even years later when she'd tried bending it back into shape with a hammer. _

"_S-s-to-o-p i-i-it!" She rushed forward to grab the now useless box. The boy gave her a hard shove backwards. She landed with a soft "ooof!". Pain sang through her elbows. She looked up at her tormentors, her soft blue eyes more confused than hurt and immediately burst into miserable tears. Their biting laughter stung her ears and made her cry harder. _Why wouldn't anyone step in, why wouldn't they help her? Someone, anyone, pleaseâ€|

"_Hey!" she heard someone yell. She squeezed her eyes shut, thinking that they were shouting at her. They probably wereâ€|_

"_Hey!" She heard the voice repeat. "You leave her alone!" _

She opened her eyes cautiously. Her caution was unwarranted, however. Her tormentors attention was focused entirely elsewhere. Her savior was a small red-haired girl with golden freckles sprinled across her round cheeks. She had large chocolate brown eyes, though they were currently narrowed in anger.

_The boy took a step towards the girl. "Or what?" He sneered. _

_The girl crossed her small arms and raised her chin in defiance. "Or I'll tell." _

_His friends looked at one another and burst out laughing. The girl looked completely unfazed. "I'll tell the teacher." She said. "And you'll all get in big trouble. My daddy says that pushing people is called a-salt. And that you can go to jail for it." With this statement the laughter suddenly tapered off. Smiles turned to nervous looks. _

"_I don't believe you." The boy said._

The girl stuck out her lip. "It's true. My daddy told me. He's a policeman. He said that bad things can happen to you in jail." She narrowed her eyes. "Hurty things."

_The bullies slowly drifted away, muttering half-hearted threats.

_

_Anna watched them go with a sort of wonder. She flinched when a shadow suddenly fell over her. She looked up slowly, half expecting to see the boy. The small red-haired girl stood there instead. Her hair caught the light like gold, a soft orangey-red that would darken to auburn as she got older. She held out her hand to Anna, who couldn't do more than blink confusedly. "Hi!" The girl said grinning. "My name's Ashley. Would you like to play with me?" _

* * *

><p>"Iâ€| killed my sister?" Ash frowned as she read the words written in whiteboard marker. Michael tipped his head as he watched her. Awareness suddenly dawned in her eyes. "That's what you did?" She asked.<p>

The look in his eyes seemed to say _well, duh! _

She smothered the surprise in her eyes with her usual cover of arrogance. She leaned back in her chair and crossed her arms. "Why?" She asked, being careful to sound like she didn't particularly care.

He didn't answer. Just stared unblinkingly.

She tipped her head back and exhaled sharply, making her hair flutter. She frowned suddenly. "Wait." She tipped her head back down to face him. "You've been in here for 15 years."

**Someone's been doing her reading. ** He wrote.

She gave him a disgusted look. "I wasn't reading up on you! Janet told me."

_Oh, sure, _his eyes seemed to say.

She made an angry sound at the back of her throat. "Anyway, as I was saying before I was so _rudely _interrupted," She gave him an angry look. "You've been incarcerated in Smith's Grove for 15 years. And although I can't really tell with that stupid mask on, you can't be _that_ old. Soâ€|" She screwed up her eyes like she was searching for some answer. Her eyes locked on his again and he could see honest curiosity under her careful façade. "How old were you?"

He remained still for a moment before making an

answer.

**Six.**

She mouthed his answer. "Well damn, there goes my record." She muttered.

He tipped his head in confusion.

She waved her hand. "Nothing. Just talking to myself."

Silence overtook the room. Ash could hear the fluorescent lights humming quietly. And, even fainter, the breathing of her silent cell mate.

_**What did you do? **_He finally wrote.

Her mouth opened slightly, as she decided how to phrase her answer. It was one thing to tell her crimes in order to frighten, another thing entirely when someone was actually asking to hear.

"Iâ€| killed a lot of people." She said finally, and immediately slapped herself for how stupid it sounded.

Michael gave a tiny nod, as if to encourage elaboration.

"There was a group of kids who teased me andâ€| Anna." She winced. Thanks to Doctor Dipshit, just saying her friend's name sent icy splinters of pain into her heart. "I tracked them down one by one and tore them apart." She smiled slightly. "I remember Tara's house. They never did manage to get all the blood off the walls. You can still see the splashes, the sticky trails of redâ€|" She trailed off, still smiling. Her eyes narrowed and her smile slid from her face like the blood on Tara's walls. "I also killed a man named Harrison Carlyle. He was the father of one of those kids." She tipped her head back as she continued her role call. "I killed my older sister. Andâ€| my mother." Her eyes flicked to his. "Does that answer your question?"

Michael nodded slightly. Silence over took the room again.

_**Why did you kill her? **_Michael wrote slowly.

Ash froze, her eyes narrowing as she read that short, inquisitive sentence. She leaned back, hooding her eyes and raising her chin in avoidance. "I don't know who you're talking about."

**Why did you kill your mother?**

She snapped her teeth together, making an angry, savage clack. "Hey, you didn't answer me when I asked you why, so I don't think I'm entitled to answer you!"

They glared at each other, the only sounds being the hum of the lights and their own breathing.

_**How old were you? **_Michael finally wrote.

She looked up at him briefly and away again. "13."

He nodded, as if understanding something. _**Broke your record.
**_

She raised an eyebrow slightly. "Guess that makes you the youngest person ever incarcerated here. Ah, well. I'm still in second."

**How old are you now? **

She looked at him strangely. "Why do you want to know?"

He just looked at her, waiting patiently.

She sighed. "Do the math, genius. I was arrested in 1972."

She could see him thinking about it. _**19? **_He guessed.

She rolled her eyes. "Oh, clap clap. Looks like a real Einstein here, ladies and gentlemen."

He stared at her for a moment, then quickly scribbled something back.

**Hmmm, 19 wouldn't have been my first guess. Guess the gray makes you look old.**

Her jaw just about dropped off as she read his reply. She involuntarily grabbed at the long, ashy streak in her hair, eyes wide, strange half-formed sounds emanating from her throat. He seemed to be smirking under his mask, watching her face change from pale to scarlet as her temper flared.

"IT DOES NOT!" She shrieked.

He just stared at her, eyes seeming to say _Oh, yes it does! _

She stared back, in absolute disbelief that he would dare insult her. To her face, no less! Her mouth slowly curved up on one side, in an incredulous smile, one born of complete and utter disbelief. A giggle of absolute disbelief escaped her throat.

He just sat there, smugness radiating off him in waves. It struck her as suddenly hilarious. He seemed so god-damned _pleased_ with himself. Just for getting the better of her. He sat there, acting as if catching her off guard was tantamount to winning a freaking Nobel Prize!

She began to snicker, quietly at first and then gaining volume. Her shoulders hitched and then shook as she started to full-out laugh. She clutched her stomach, absolutely with dying with laughter at this point. Tears ran down her cheeks. Her stomach was starting to ache, but that just made her laugh harder. She threw back her head, auburn hair spilling down her back, her laughter reverberating through the room and bouncing off the ceiling. She couldn't even remember the last time she'd laughed like this. It was too long ago, trapped in a time before death and insanity had taken their toll. She rocked back and forth, body still shaking with laughter.

She looked at him through a thin film of tears. "I-I'm considered clinically insane, did you know that?" She gasped between bursts of

laughter. "You might want to take that old comment back."

He just looked at her and, ever so slowly, shook his head.

* * *

><p>Janet Edwards was on a warpath. She was going to find Roger Hall and, God help him, smack him till his head fell off. She didn't pretend to know how Ash could've done the things she'd been incarcerated for, but, at this particular moment, she had an inkling of how she'd gotten there. She stormed through the halls, heading for the infirmary. When I find him, I'm going to kill him. She growled softly. _I'm going to drop kick his ass from here to Haddonfield. _She got to the infirmary doors and her hand shot out, the door banging off the wall with a reverberating clang. Roger was sitting on one of the tables, holding an icepack to the bites on his shoulder, his cheek taped up with gauze. One look at her face and he jumped up, backing away a few steps.

"Janetâ€|" He began. His sentence was silenced by her hand making contact with his face. She delivered a stinging slap right across his injured cheek, the sharp clap echoing through the room.

He yelped and brought a hand to his freshly bleeding cheek. He looked at her in stunned anger. "WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT FOR!" He exploded.

"YOU KNOW BLOODY WELL WHAT IT WAS FOR!" She screamed back. "HOW COULD YOU DO THAT?"

"WHAT?"

She slapped him harder this time, his abused cheek turning white, then red.

He brought his arms up in front of his face. "OK, I'M SORRY! I KNOW WHAT! JUST STOP HITTING ME!"

She lowered her hand and stood there, shaking with anger. "How could you do that to her?" She growled.

He just regarded her nervously, in case she decided to smack him again.

"She was healing." She glared at him, lips pulled back from her teeth. "She was healing, you asshole. DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU JUST DID?" He flinched slightly as her voice rose to a yell.

"YOU JUST SET HER BACK 6 YEARS!" She screamed, not waiting for him to answer. "SHE'S RIGHT BACK TO WHERE SHE WAS WHEN SHE WAS BROUGHT IN HERE, WITH A DEAD FATHER AND A DEAD FRIEND!"

Roger narrowed his eyes. "HOW CAN YOU DEFEND HER AFTER WHAT SHE DID!" He yelled back. "HAVE YOU BEEN PAYING ANY ATTENTION AT ALL? SHE'S A MONSTER!"

Janet glared back at him. "I know what she did. And I know that she's not alwaysâ€|" right in the head." She growled softly. "But she's still a human being with feelings, and you had NO RIGHT TO DO WHAT YOU DID!"

Roger glared. "Fine, she has feelings. But that doesn't change the fact that she's bat-shit crazy."

She glared at him before turning and stalking towards the door. She whirled around at the last moment. "I'm going to report you for patient abuse. See if I don't. Andâ€¦" She narrowed her eyes. "God help you if I ever hear you've done this again."

Without waiting to hear his answer, she yanked the door open, letting it slam shut behind her.

"Well, Janet old girlâ€¦" A voice that sounded suspiciously like Ash piped up in her head. "You sure read him the riot act."

Janet ignored the voice, heading back to the room where she'd left Ash. _This whole thing has been a complete waste. _She thought. _This whole thing was supposed to encourage Ash to socialize a little more. Instead, she got an inmate who refuses to acknowledge her. Worse, it gave that asshole Roger the opportunity to hurt and humiliate her. _She bristled at the thought of what had been done to her friend.

She got to the door and stopped to collect herself. _Might as well cut this off. _She opened the door and stopped dead, like she'd run headlong into a brick wall. She'd been expecting an angry-at-best, hopelessly-morose-at-worse Ash. Instead she found the aforementioned redhead doubled over in positively hysterical laughter. Michael hadn't moved since she'd left the room, although there was a whiteboard in front of him that hadn't been there when she'd left. And, it was so strange, but she seemed to almost sense himâ€¦ smirking from under his mask.

Ash turned at the sound of the door opening, tears pouring down her face, giggles erupting from her throat. She grinned at an alarmed looking Janet. She pointed the long gray streak in her hair. "Apparently, the gray makes me look old!" She burst into another fit of laughter, holding her sides to keep them from splitting.

Janet looked from Ash to Michael and back again. A slow smile curved her mouth on one side.

Ash slowly stood, still giggling and held her wrists out to Janet. She fastened the chains around her wrists and slowly walked to the door.

"See you round." Ash said as she was led to the door. She turned at the last minute, grinning. "Michael."

****Awwwww! Looks like the start of a wonderful friendship! Just to let you know, the rest of the story will be dedicated to fluffy friendship scenes and sugary romance reminiscent of Twilight (just kidding.) Oh, and just to let everyone know, the long sections of text in italics are memories. I'm going to be telling a sort of back story through memories, leading up to Ash's incarceration in Smith's Grove. Next chapter should be up soon! ****

****~VulcanGirl17 ****

7. Chapter 7

****Disclaimer:** I do not own Halloween or any of the characters. I just own Ash. ******

****It be chapter 7!** My deepest apologies on taking so long updating, but school has been absolutely INSANE lately. I hope you enjoy what has taken me well over a moth to write. ******

"_WHERE ARE YOU, YOU LITTLE BITCH!?" _

_A 7 year-old child crouched in the darkness of the pantry, her red hair hiding her face. Her breathing hitched as she desperately tried to quiet her terrified sobs. She could hear her mother storming through the house, looking to find her and tear her from her hiding place. _

_After what seemed like years, she cautiously opened her eyes. The frightening sounds outside the pantry had quieted. She pressed her ear to the thick wooden door and listened hard. Silence. Absolute silenceâ€| _

_She gasped as the doors were jerked open and the light stabbed her eyes like a knife blade. _

"_Found you." _

_She screamed as her arm was grasped in a vice-like grip and she was jerked out into the hall. A hand delivered a stinging slap across her cheekbone and the world went grey. _

"_Stop that, you little worm" A voice hissed. _

_She blinked back her tears, her breathing ragged from pain and the effort of quelling her sobs. _

_Jennifer Quinn looked at her daughter as if she were a disgusting form of protozoan life, and suddenly threw her down. Ash gasped as she hit the hard wooden floor. A dark shadow fell over her. She squeezed her eyes shut before looking up into her mother's coldly furious face. _

"_So," Jennifer began. "Sent home after another fight at school."

_

"_It wasn't my faul-" Ash's head rocked back from another slap to the face. _

_Jennifer jabbed a finger into the air in front of her daughter's face. "Don't interrupt your elders when they're talking to you."

_

"_This is the third time this month." Jennifer glared at her daughter. "Do know how this looks?" She drew her teeth back from her lips. "Did it ever cross your stupid little mind to think of how this reflects on me?" _

"_I was trying to help-" Ash whimpered. A vicious kick was launched into her ribs and she screamed as she felt something crack.

_

"_TRYING DOESN'T MATTER! YOU ALWAYS FAIL BECAUSE YOU'RE NO GOOD!" Spittle flew from Jennifer's lips as she shrieked as the small child on the floor. _

_Ash curled into a ball on the wooden floor, arms wrapped around her torso. "I'm sorry, mommy!" She sobbed, tears pooling on the hardwood. "I'm so sorry!" _

"_YOU'RE SORRY?!" Jennifer laughed, a bitter, vicious sound. "YOU THINK SORRY'S GOING TO FIX THIS?! PEOPLE THINK I'M RAISING A DELINQUENT!" _

_Her hands jerked towards her daughter, yanking her up by the hair. Ash screamed as red hair was ripped out by its roots. Jennifer's hands settled on her shoulders and she began to shake her. _

"_YOU WORTHLESS LITTLE RAT!" Jennifer bellowed. "YOU'VE DONE NOTHING BUT DRAG ME DOWN SINCE YOU CAME IN TO THIS WORLD!" She threw Ash again, this time into the wall. Ash gasped as her head cracked against the wall. It left a smear of blood as she slowly slid to the floor, the world whirling crazily. _

"_WE NEVER WANTED YOU! YOU'RE A STUPID, DIS-OBEDIENT, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING LITTLE WHORE WHO COSTS TOO MUCH AS IT IS!" Jennifer loomed over her daughter. "I SHOULDN'T HAVE LISTENED TO THOMAS! I SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN THAT ABORTION WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE!" _

Ash cried as a fist made contact with her left eye. Pain exploded through her skull and she could feel the skin swelling already. "Pleaseâ€|" She moaned. She slid to her knees and tried to crawl away. To hide. Anywhere. Anywhere they'd never find herâ€|

_Jennifer snarled as she watched her daughter's slow bid for freedom. "Fine. You want to hide in the pantry? I'll see to it you never come out!" _

_She grabbed her daughter by the arms. Ignoring her wildly kicking legs and screams, she threw her onto the floor of the pantry. _

_Ash just had time to look up and see her mother's rage-filled face, the light streaming around her head. _

"_I hope you rot." The door slammed and dark replaced light.

_

"_MOMMY, NOOOO!" Ash hammered on the door with her fists, tears streaming down her cheeks, throat raw from screaming. "LET ME OUT, PLEASE! MOMMY, PLEEAASSSE!" _

_She slid to the ground, fingers tangled in her red hair, screaming into the unforgiving dark. _

* * *

><p>Ash sat in her cell, staring into the past. Her eyes slid in and out of focus as she recalled events that had come to pass almost 12 years ago. She'd been doing a lot of this lately. Dwelling on the past. Normally, she'd try to pretend that the 13 years before her

incarceration had never happened, that it was all some sort of bad dream. But nowâ€¦ those memories were back. And they wanted in. She closed her eyes with a deep sigh and ran her fingers back through her thick hair.<p>

Her mother. God, how she'd hated that woman. Jennifer Quinn had been a social climber, only concerned with what others thought of her and only treating her family well when she thought that important eyes were watchingâ€¦

"_Mrs. Kent," Jennifer smiled, putting her hands on the shoulders of a small child. "Have you met my youngest daughter, Ashley?" _

_Ash pasted a fake smile onto her face as she faced the older woman. "How do you do?" She said. _

Mrs. Kent smiled as she took in the small girl. "My, what a polite child. And so beautiful." She said, turning to Jennifer.

_Ash smiled demurely at the compliment, her stomach churning all the while. She hated this. She hated being the show pony. She despised it and couldn't even show it. She had to paste a smile on her face and pretend to enjoy the attention. If she made a single mistake, let anything slipâ€¦ well, Jennifer would make sure she never slipped up again. _

_Ash almost cried out as one of Jennifer's hands moved from her shoulder to start stroking her hair. "Well, we're very proud of our Ashley." Ash looked up at her mother's smile. To others, it appeared doting, almost adoring. To her, it looked predatory. "Very proudâ€¦"

_

Ash shuddered violently as she jerked back to reality. It had driven her crazy, that no one could see it. _Well, _she thought, backpedaling, _that's not entirely true. _It wasn't that they hadn't seen; it was that they didn't understand. If they saw the bruises, they wrote it off as discipline. Discipline from a mother struggling to raise a child headed for delinquency. They didn't _know._

_Tara knew, _her mind whispered_, and Anna. Daddy knew and that other cop, what was his name? Bobby. Bobby McKinnon. He knew, too. _

She smiled, slowly remembering. God, she couldn't believe she'd forgotten Bobby. 20 years old, new to force, a rookie in every sense of the word. Her father had taken him under his wing, determined to make him the best cop he could. And she'd had a crush on him the size of a Cadillac.

She leaned her head back, resting it against the wall. Bobby hadn't been the strongest or the fastest or the most skilled. But there was _something_, something her father had recognized. Bobby was _sharp. _He saw things that everyone else overlooked. Things likeâ€¦

_Like what my mother was really doing to me. _

Her smile disappeared. He'd known. And he'd hated Jennifer for it. He'd never said anything, always carefully courteous whenever he spoke to her. But Ash had seen it in his eyes. He despised her. Jennifer had seen it too. And she'd hated him right back.

She sighed deeply. He'd tried so hard to help her. All the times he'd tried to ask her what was wrongâ€¦

Ash sat at the bottom of the stairs, head facing down. She could hear mother shouting at daddy from the kitchen. She squirmed uncomfortably. They were arguing about her. Her eyes flicked up towards the hallway, where Officer McKinnon stood, rocking from foot to foot, looking extremely uncomfortable with the whole situation.

—

A smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. He looks kind of cute when he's nervous, she thought. His eyes moved towards her and she blushed, dropping her gaze before he could catch her looking.

Daddy had come home early today, bringing Officer McKinnon with him. She'd been thrilled. With his bright green eyes and sandy blonde hair, Officer McKinnon (or Bobby as she called him in her head) was by far the handsomest of Storm Lake City's police force. He worked with her daddy a lot and often came round to the house. He always had a smile and a wink for her when he did. —

Today, mother had started in on daddy as soon as he'd walked in the door, shouting about something that she, Ash, had done wrong once again. She could still hear them, the grating screech of mother's voice and the low rumble of daddy's. —

She unconsciously pushed a lock of hair behind her ear, fingers scraping against the deep scratch across her cheek. Mother had done that, during a particularly savage lesson in "discipline." She hissed as the cut stung. —

Bobby's eyes flashed to her face. She quickly shook her hair over her cheek, hiding the cut, but it was too late. He'd seen it. She watched him quickly look towards the kitchen, making sure that no one was coming into the hall. She watched as he walked to the stairs and knelt down in front of her. —

"Ashley?" he asked softly. —

She stared at the floor, letting her hair hang over her face. Her eyes widened as she felt his hand on her jaw, tilting her face up. He brushed the hair off her cheek, brows furrowing as he took in the deep scratches. —

"Ashley, what happened?" He asked.

"I-I-Iâ€¦" She stuttered. "â€¦I got hit in the face with a ball. At school." —

He frowned slightly as he traced the scratches. One deep scratch paralleled by three thin, red lines. Just likeâ€¦

"Did that ball happen to have fingernails?" He asked her. —

She blushed slightly, knowing she'd been caught in her lie. —

He studied her face for a moment, before putting his hands on her shoulders. "Ashleyâ€¦" He began, deciding how best to ask her. "Ash, is someone hurting you?" —

_Her mouth opened slightly. _Yes, _she wanted to cry. _Yes, she's hurting me. She's hurt me for years. Please, I'm frightened. I'm frightened that someday she's going to kill meâ€|

"_No." She answered. Jennifer's face, twisted with rage, loomed behind her eyelids. If she found out that she'd told Bobby, she really would kill herâ€|_

"_No one's hurting me." _

_Bobby sighed and looked towards the floor. When he looked back, his eyes were sad. "If they were, would you tell me?" _

_She opened her mouth to tell him _Yes, of course I'll tell you_. But his eyesâ€| his eyes looked so sad, like he knew she hadn't told him the truth. Like he knew what was happening to her. She didn't want to lie to him again. _

"_No." She said. _

_His shoulders slumped visibly as he looked at her. "Ok." He said softly. Before she could respond, he'd risen to his feet and returned to his place in the hall. She looked after him, startled that he'd given up so easily. _

Why didn't you tell him? _Her mind moaned. _

Because. _She answered. _I didn't want him to knowâ€|

She jerked violently back to reality as the door crashed open.

"My, someone's jumpy today. Is it all those drugs they've got you doped up on?"

"Why, do you want some?" she answered.

"Or," Roger continued as he swaggered into the room, "is it those big, bad voices in your head, telling you to stabitty, stabitty, stab, stab, stab?"

She raised an eyebrow. "Very witty. You write this stuff yourself? Oh, I'm sorry, that's impossible. I did say it was clever, after all." She smiled waiting for his reaction.

He just held up some shackles. "Time to go see your boyfriend."

"He's not my boyfriend."

Roger smiled at the edge in her voice. "Sure, Harvey."

Ash blushed slightly and growled. She was surprised at how much that little comment had gotten under her skin.

He's NOT my boyfriend! Ash was howling inside her head. _NOT NOT NOT!_

_I'm with you on this one. _Ash whispered to her darkest side. _I'm not even sure I like him all that much._

She held out her wrists to Roger, a stony expression on her face.

He slapped the chains around her wrists. She hissed as he smashed the catch shut, bruising her wrists. "_Easy!" _She barked.

He tugged on the chains to get her moving. "Day 9, Harvey." He said as they left the room. "Day 9."

* * *

><p>Ash slumped down in her seat, rubbing her sore wrists. "Hi." She said without looking up.<p>

She smiled slightly as she heard the squeak of marker on whiteboard.

**Hi. **

She slowly arched an eyebrow. "What, no witty insults today?"

**Maybe later.** He replied.

She nodded slightly and settled back in her chair. Silence fell, disturbed only by the faint humming of the ceiling lights. It stretched untilâ€

"Why did you choose me?" Ash raised her head and stared intensively at the obsidian eyes behind the mask.

Michael didn't reply, tilting his head in that way that meant he didn't understand.

She rolled her eyes slightly. "I mean, you don't say a word for 15 years and then suddenly, you start writing whiteboard notes. I mean," She raised her hands slightly, as if searching for enlightenment. "What happened? You get tired of keeping it to yourself? And why me?" She stared at him intensively. "After all these years, why me?"

Before he could answer, she held up a finger in a threatening manner. "And if you say it's because you felt sorry for me, I'll kill you where you sit. I don't need sympathy from anyone, least of all you." She glared at him, as if to demonstrate how serious she was.

His hand hovered over the whiteboard, as if thinking over his response.

_**You're opposites. **_He said finally.

It was Ash's turn to look confused. "I'm opposites?" She questioned.

**You're all monster, yet still human too. **

She shook her head slowly. "What the hell are you talking about?"

_**You love to cause pain, yet there are kinds of pain that even you

refuse to inflict. **_He shook his head slightly. _**It's confusing.
**_

She looked at him like he'd suddenly sprouted an extra head. "Soâ€¦ you chose to talk to me because I confuse you. Because I still have some semblance of a conscience." She held her hands up, shaking her head. "Let me get this straight. You only talk to me because I have this little, annoying voice yapping in my ear 24/7 and you don't understand it." She looked at him sharply. "Is that it?"

He nodded slightly. _**Like I said, opposites. **_He tilted his head again. _**Everything about you is opposite. Personality, the way you talk, your faâ€¦**_

She jabbed a finger into the air in front of his eyes. "If you say 'face', I'll shove your spleen down your throat." She growled.

He ignored her. _**Like here. **_He wrote. _**You hate it here. You hate everyone who has to do with this place. Yet I've seen how you act around that blond orderly. You care for her.**_

"Janet's my friend." She answered coolly. "Of course I care for here."

**Why is she your friend?**

Ash narrowed her eyes slightly and wrapped her thin arms around her knees. "Because she's the only one in this hell-hole who treats me like a human being." She stared down at her knees, tracing the shapes of the bones beneath the pale skin. "The rest of them, they treat me like a piece of brain meat, to be poked and prodded and studied and analyzed. Never treated with respect or compassion." She spoke faster, the words pouring out faster than she could censor them. "When I came here, I was suffering. My best friend had killed herself, my father, the last thing I had in the entire world, had died and I had just murdered 8 people. And Janet," She stopped for a second. "Janet was the only one who understood. She knew what I'd done and she still treated me like human being." She shook her head. "I can never repay her for what she did for me." She glanced up. "Does that answer your question?"

He watched her closely for a minute before scrawling a reply.

**Yes.**

"Now I have a question for you." She said stretching her arms back over the chair. "Why do you ask me so many questions? Is there really so little to do in here that you've stooped to collecting gossip on other inmates?"

_**You're the most interesting thing that I've encountered in a while. **_He shrugged slightly. _**Why wouldn't I ask? **_

She shrugged back. "Fair enough. I wouldn't image that you're allowed to socialize much. God knows I'm not."

**Because you're dangerous?**

"Because I'm dangerous." She repeated, nodding. "I wasn't when I was brought in here, but after so many years of being branded a monster, you kind of begin to act the part." She smiled, a quick quirk of the

mouth. "By now I'm playing my part perfectly. I'm a monster, I'm a sociopath, I'm damaged, I'm every label they've ever stuck me with." She grinned now, her teeth glinting in the artificial light. "If they wanted to create the ultimate psychopath, I have to say they did a bang-up job."

She smiled and pushed her hair back with one hand. "I have to say, you're very good at listening, if not at conversation."

He scrawled a response that made her chuckle slightly. **_**You talk enough for both of us. **_**

"I do, don't I?" she laughed quietly.

Silence fell once again, only this was light, with none of the resentment of their last meeting.

...Are we becoming friends?****

Ash flashed him a teasing grin. "God, I hope not."

****So? What does everyone think of how the story's unfolding? Next chapter we'll have some more fluffy friendship moments, some increasingly disturbing memories AAAAANNNNNNDDDD we get to find out what happened to Mark. You know, that guy from chapter 1 who was mentioned all of once? The one who Roger replaced on such short notice? Yeah, that one. Stay tuned!****

****~VulcanGirl17****

8. Chapter 8

****After my 3 year hiatus, I'm back! I'm so sorry it took this long to update, University is kicking my ass. However, I'm determined to finish this story one way or another. Thank you everyone who's favourited, reviewed and continued to encourage me. Please enjoy chapter 8 ****

Roger padded quietly down the main hall. Slowing to a careful stop, he poked his head around the corner, eyes peeled for the tall blond who'd just about crucified him days earlier. **_The chicks here are all insane. _** He griped to himself. **_Maybe Janet should have her doctor's coat switched out for a straightjacket. _**

"Hey!" He heard someone yell. He whirled around, ready to bolt for cover. "Whoa!" Carl held his hands up in a non-violent gesture. "Easy! You look like someone's out to kill you."

"I should be so lucky." Roger muttered darkly. "I've got two of them on my back now: Harvey and her psycho keeper."

Carl nodded sympathetically. "One of the doctors told me what happened. Or some of it, anyway. He heard Janet yelling at you." He shrugged slightly. "Try and stay out of her way from now on. She's funny when it comes to Ash."

"How so?" Roger asked somewhat sarcastically.

"She's very protective of her." Carl answered, missing the tone in

Roger's voice. "She'll fight to the bitter end for her and doesn't forgive those who pick on her. I mean, she still hasn't forgiven Markâ€¦" His voice trailed off, his expression turning to one of horror.

Roger gave him a sharp look. "What?"

Carl's _oh-shit-I've-said-too-much _face only intensified. "Nothing really." He squeaked unconvincingly. "Mark didn't really like Ash. Nothing major."

Roger turned on the nervous orderly slowing trying back away. "If it was nothing major, then why isn't he here anymore?"

"Look, I've got to goâ€¦" Carl turned, trying to unsuccessfully slink away.

"You're hiding something." Roger accused, planting himself in Carl's path.

"No, I'm not!" Carl's voice was a tad too shrill to be effectively convincing.

"Yes you are." Roger glared at the other man. "What happened to him?"

"I don'tâ€¦"

"WHAT. HAPPENED!"

Carl froze like a deer in headlights for a moment. Then his shoulders slumped. "He's in St. John's Hospital. In Springfield."

Roger narrowed his eyes. "Why?" He demanded.

Carl ignored his question. "Remember the day Ash attacked you? Remember how frightened everyone was?" He exhaled loudly through his nose. "Well, it's because they'd seen it happen before. Mark hurt her the same way you did. Only in his case, they got there too late." Carl shook his head. "Janet still goes ballistic if you even mention his name. She _despises_ him."

Roger gave Carl an incredulous look. "All just because he got Ash upset?"

Carl shook his head slowly. "It was much more than that. Mark _hated_ _Ash. And one day, he decided to get back at her in the most degrading way possible."

Roger glared at him, silently telling him to hurry up with the full story.

"It was almost a year ago nowâ€¦"

_Ash lay curled on her small cot, somewhere between waking and sleep. She hummed quietly to herself, trying to cut through the suffocating silence. Smith's Grove was uncommonly quiet, with most of the staff either home sleeping or elsewhere in the facility. Even the inmates seemed unusually docile that night. No sounds of sobbing, no hysterical cries. No sound of voices turned hoarse from years of

screaming. She hummed louder, trying to calm herself. Not that she'd ever admit to it, but silence made her nervous. From her experience, it was always quietest before the ceiling came crashing down. She curled her legs to her chest, hugging her arms around her knees. At least Mark had decided to finally leave her alone. She didn't know where he'd finally slinked off to and, quite frankly, she didn't care._

Eventually, her humming took effect and she began to drop off. In her semi-conscious mind, she heard the door to her cell open and close, the whisper of footsteps gliding across the roomâ€|

_She was suddenly jerked upright, a hand sealing itself over her mouth. She gave a startled cry, muffled by the hand, as her attacker dragged her off of her cot. She kicked wildly, her limbs clumsy with sleep. She heard her attacker grunt in pain and she twisted, trying to free her wrists from her attacker's grasp. A fist connected with her stomach, driving the air from her lungs and causing her muscles to spasm with pain. She sagged in her assailant's grasp, wheezing, as she heard handcuffs click shut around her wrists. Her attacker dragged her across the room, throwing her against the wall and pinning her there with his weight. She twisted, eyes straining to see a face through the dark. _

"_Well, well, wellâ€|" She heard through the dark. She stopped struggling, teeth grinding as she put voice to face. "Looks like someone's in a bit of a situation." _

_She snarled from behind his hand, burning holes through him with her eyes. _

_Mark leered at her through the dark, eyes glittering at the sight of her pinned and helpless. "You know, it occurred to me the other day that I'm sick and tired of your bullshit." He leaned in closer, brushing a stray lock of hair off her forehead. "You make this job a living hell for everyone around you. You prance around this place like a queen, making sure to step on us as often as you can. You insult us, and humiliate us and make us all look like fools. And I'm tired. Of. _It." _He hissed the last word, his breath blowing into her face. "So, I began to think of ways to put you in your place." He grinned darkly. "But how? Physical pain?" He leered at her again. "Tempting, but not enough. Besides, you'd probably enjoy it." _

_She glared at him, eyes full of murderous intent. He smirked back. "Emotional pain, then? I know how much it hurts you to hear about your little friend. How _deeply_ the knife goes." He tightened his grip as she lunged at his face, snapping her teeth. He shoved her back roughly, her head cracking against the wall with a hollow sound. "Same problem." He continued, leaning in, "Not enough. But then I got another idea. You see," He leaned in closer, almost whispering in her ear. "I've watched you. And I know more about your mind than I think you'd care to know." His mouth stretched into a sadistic grin. "I know what you _fear."

_Her eyes narrowed at this new statement. He watched her face with a growing smile. "Those kids, all those years ago. They made you feel helpless, didn't they? They could do whatever they wanted to you and you had no power to stop them." He slowly tilted his head. "That's your great fear, isn't it? That helplessness, that lack of control. You act so bloody condescending and cruel and _arrogant_, " His lip

curled slightly, "because it gives you a sense of control over the situation. And having that control stripped away, being at the mercy of someone else." He slowly licked his lips. "Well, it's enough to drive you insane, isn't it?" _

Her glare faltered slightly, vague ideas beginning to form in her head

"_And that humiliation, that fear, that _weakness_" He smiled. "That'll hurt you more than anything else I could possibly do to you." He leered. "You have absolutely no control over what happens to you. I can do whatever. I. _Want."

_The sudden meaning behind his words hit her like a ton of bricks. She screeched behind his hand, her struggles becoming frenzied. He grinned and dropped his eyes, sweeping them slowly and obviously over her body. He shifted his hand off her mouth and was immediately met by a string of curses and insults, nearly unintelligible from rage. He ignored her, shifting the handcuff chain to one hand while he reached into his pocket. Turning back to the shrieking girl he had pinned against the wall, he slapped her hard across the scarred side of her face, her cheek tearing as the stitches broke. _

"_Shut up." He commanded. "Now," He said, getting close to her face, "You're not going to make any trouble for me, are you? Because if you do, I'll have to use this." He held a long, ice pick-like tool up in front of her eyes. "They used to use these for lobotomies." He wagged the tool back and forth slowly, smiling as he watched her eyes follow it. "They would slide it in through the eye socket, tap it until it broke through the bone, then scramble it all around," He mimed scrambling some poor soul's grey matter, "before sliding it out again." His grin widened as he watched her face work, trying to hide her fear. He rested the tip against her cheek, just below her eye. "Want to try it?"_

_Fire sparked in his groin as he watched the pulse in her neck flutter, her shallow breaths causing her chest to rise and fall in sharp twitches. _

She glared at him, her teeth bared."Fuck you."

He shot her a sadistic grin, teeth glinting in the dark. "Well, I wasn't going to wait for an invitation, but if you insist" _

_She let out a shrieking growl, twisting her body in an attempt to escape. _

"_I wouldn't doooo that if I were you_" he sang, tapping the ice-pick against her jugular. He could feel her body quivering against his chest, though he couldn't tell whether it out of anger or fear. He reached a hand into her long hair, red strands tangling around his fingers, and yanked her head back. "Ready, darlin'?" he mocked. _

_Her answering growl was cut off as his mouth crashed down on hers, his tongue forcing itself between her lips. Her eyes bulged in shock as she tried to twist her head away. The point of the ice-pick dug into her neck, drawing a bead of blood which slowly slid down the ivory flesh of her throat. She cringed and squeezed her eyes shut as she felt his tongue probe the inside of her mouth. His teeth clamped

down on her lower lip, twisting and shredding the delicate skin.

—

Blood._ She could taste blood now. His hands roamed over her body, making sure to be as rough as possible. _

_Bile rose in her throat as his hands found her breasts, squeezing them hard enough to bruise. Mark licked his lips, reaching forward and tearing the neckline of her flimsy nightgown, exposing pale flesh. His mouth latched onto her nipple, teeth pulling at her in animalistic passion. _

WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?! _Ash shrieked inside her head. FIGHT BACK!_

I can't! _Ashley sobbed. _I can't! You heard him. He'll scramble our brains around until we're like the rest of the poor souls in here!

_She heard Ash release a shrieking growl. _YOU STUPID BITCH! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO TO US!?

_Ashley just sobbed quietly. _

Ash was jerked violently back to reality as a hard slap left her face stinging. "Don't you dare drift away on me." Mark snarled. "I want you here, experiencing every moment of this." He grasped her chin with his free hand, keeping her head still while he explored her. He trailed his tongue across her jaw line, and down her throat, nipping at the pale flesh. His tongue dipped into the small hollow at the base of her throat, and trailed across her collarbone. He bit down, drawing a pained shriek. Blood welled in the marks left, staining her pale skin.

He pressed his fore arm across her throat, pinning her more securely to the wall. Her eyes widened as she heard a zipper open. She thrashed her head back and forth, eyes squeezed shut. "No no no nononononONONO!"

_He grabbed a fistful of her hair, forcing her onto her knees. "Open your mouth, love. I've got something for you." _

_She snarled and clenched her teeth shut. He yanked back on her hair, smiling at her sudden cry of pain. "Open up, or this is going straight through the top of your skull." He dragged the ice-pick across her forehead, blood welling in the light scratches it left. "And if you bite me," He pulled back on her hair, making her whimper, "They'll find you tomorrow in a pool of your own blood." _

_She clenched her eyes shut, as if not being able to see could stop it from happening. She gagged as something was forced into her mouth, choking her. Mark growled above her as he thrust his hips, forcing his member deeper into her throat. _

Please, no!

_Mark's grip on her hair tightened. "Suck me off, bitch!" He bellowed, yanking back on her hair. She obeyed, eyes shut so she couldn't see what she was being forced to do. _

No more. Please, I'm beggingâ€¦|

_Her neck ached from the angle, her throat protesting the foreign object being forced into it again and again and again. _

In, out, in, outâ€|

_Mark moaned above her, head tipped back, hips grinding painfully against her jawbone. Tears were beginning to trickle down her cheeks despite her efforts to hold them back. _

I'll kill you. For this, if for nothing else you've done to meâ€|

_She gagged painfully as his thrusting increased in tempo. Her throat and jaws ached. _

Please, please stop! Please god, let it endâ€|

_A burst of salty liquid hit her tongue. Mark groaned above her, emptying his seed into her mouth. She gagged, head convulsively jerking forward so she could spit it out. The sharp prick of the ice pick in her left temple stopped her. "Swallow it." He commanded. "_Now_." _

_She obeyed, teeth clenched and fluid dripping down her chin as she struggled not to gag. _

_Mark jerked her head back and smiled as he surveyed her face. Her pale face was criss-crossed with tear tracks. Dark eyes stared at him, begging and trying not to beg in turn. Strands of her red hair stuck to her cheeks and to the fluid smeared on her lips and chin.

_

_His smile widened as he yanked her hair suddenly, forcing her to her feet. His hands slammed into the wall on either side of her head, trapping her with his body. "Ready for the main course, darlin'?"

_

_She stared at him, eyes huge in her white face. "Don't do this."

_

_He ignored her. "I think I'll do you right here against the wall." He smirked, brushing a loose lock of hair behind her ear. "What do you think?" _

"_Mark, please." A note of panic had entered her voice. "Please, I'mâ€|" She stopped suddenly, biting her lip. _

"_You're what?" he asked, leaning close to her ear. "Begging?"

_

_She glared at him, before dropping her gaze to the floor.

_

Yes.

_Her face betrayed what she couldn't bring herself to say out loud.

_

_He laughed, the harsh sounds bouncing off the walls and

reverberating in the dark room. "Beg all you want, darlin'." He breathed in her ear. "The more you beg, the harder I get." _

_She grit her teeth, eyes blazing as her fear gave way to rage. "I'LL KILL YOU, YOU HEAR ME!? I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU!" _

_He grabbed her chin, tipping her head back. "I'd like to see you try." _

"_Now, I think you've stalled for long enough." He stroked the tip of the ice pick down her cheek. "Better get this show on the road." He looked down at her torn nightgown and snorted. "They almost make it too easy." _

_With his free hand, he began inching the hem of her nightgown up her thighs, higher, higher. She growled, trying to kick out with her legs. He stopped when he got to her hips, her white underwear revealed. She glared at him, chest heaving, fear once again in her eyes. He grinned viciously before filling the air with the sound of tearing fabric. He held up the remains of her underwear for her to see, his smile too dark and sadistic to be at all comforting. _

_She shrieked, the sound bouncing harshly off the walls as she pressed her legs together. Mark caught hold of one of her legs, hiking it up around his hip. As he positioned himself at her entrance, he noted with savage pleasure that she was crying again, the tears slipping silently down her face. "Pleaseâ€|" _

_He grinned savagely, bending down to whisper in her ear. "You're in Hell now, darling, and I'm the devil." And with a sudden brutal movement, he forced himself inside her. The scream that ripped from her chest almost made him lose it then and there. He pulled out slightly and pushed back in, agonizingly slow. _

_She screamed, desperately trying to gain enough leverage to push him away. He pumped harder, slamming into her body. _

_Ash screamed as tears ran down her cheeks. It hurt, oh god it hurt. _

Her thoughts kept tempo with his frenzied thrusting.

I'll kill you, I'll kill you, I'll kill you, I'll kill yâ€|

_He buried his face in her neck, biting the delicate skin and leaving red marks surrounded by purple bruising. She twisted her wrists, desperately trying to fit her hands through the small openings in the handcuffs. _

Please, _she thought, squeezing her hands as small as they would go. _Please, God. I won't ever ask you for anything ever again, just please let me get my hands freeâ€|

_Roger gasped, his tempo becoming irregular. He leaned in close her face, lips tickling her earlobe. "Are you afraid?" he whispered. She whimpered in reply, hands singing in pain from her escape attempts. _

_Her whimper had apparently sent him over the edge. His body stiffened against her, groans issuing forth from his mouth as he

spilled his seed inside her. _

YOU HAVE TO GO NOW! _Her mind screamed at her. _GO NOW, OR HE'LL SLIT YOUR THROAT AND LEAVE YOU TO BLEED TO DEATH!

_She yanked at the handcuffs, fingers screaming as the bones in her hand compressed. She shrieked in pain and all of a sudden, it was over. Her left hand was free. _

_Roger panted in front of her, still pinning her to the wall with his weight. He straightened up a little, not noticing her freed hands. "Did you like that, whore?" He reeled backwards as she suddenly threw her full weight against him, catching him off guard. He fell backwards, hitting his head on the concrete floor, the icepick flying out of his pocket and out of reach. The air whooshed out of his lungs as his vision dimmed and then wavered back. "You bit?" he stopped abruptly, the saliva drying up in his mouth and his eyes widened in terror. _

_Ash stood in front of him, head bent forward like she was praying. He could see her eyes open though, and in the dim light he could have sworn they'd turned black. His eyes dropped downward and the skin on his scalp tightened painfully. _

_She had the icepick in her hand. _

_He tentatively held a hand up. "Ashley?" _

Her head snapped up, eyes widening until they seemed to overflow her face. Her mouth was open in a jagged scream which, as he watched, twisted itself into a screaming rictus of pain. Her eyes locked onto his and she grinned, her skin stretching until he thought it would tear.

"_Ashley's not here anymore." _

_Her voice was awful, like it had been chiseled from the inside of her ribs. She took a single, shuddering step towards him and he screamed, his voice echoing off the walls. "Don't come any closer! I mean it! I'll?" _

"_You'll what?" she asked him in that same awful voice. "You'll what?" _

_He scrambled backwards across the cold floor, never taking his eyes off that terrible grin. His back hit something hard and he realized he'd backed himself into the corner. She took another slow step towards him and he screamed, throwing his arms across his face like he could protect himself by simply by refusing to see her. _

_He listened to the dry whisper of her feet as she drew closer to him and he screamed louder, voiding his bladder in the extremity of his terror. _

He shrieked as cold fingers wrapped themselves around his wrists, gently, almost lovingly trying to pry his arms away from his face. The fingers abruptly let go and he pressed his back against the wall, head buried in his arms and eyes squeezed shut, hoping beyond hope that someone had come, someone had saved him.

Please don't let her be there, please don't let her be there, please don't let her be thereâ€¦

He cracked an eye open, scanning for any sign of her. Nothing. She was gone. He cautiously opened his other eye, looking for movement in the dark. Nothing. He exhaled and turned his head. _

Her face was inches from his, grinning like a jack-o-lantern, eyes utterly blank. He screamed, his head hitting the wall as he jumped back. She slid closer until their noses touched. His mouth opened and shut like a beached fish, suddenly gripped by the conviction that this grinning thing in front of him wasn't human. _

It's not human, it's not, it can't be, it can't beâ€¦

She slid the tip of the icepick up his cheek, resting it just under his eye socket. The torn flap of her cheek stretched and he could see all of her teeth, glinting in the dull light._

"Are you afraid?" She whispered, that awful, grating voice mimicking the words that he'd said as he'd raped her. _

Her eyes seemed to swell, the blackness rushing at him. As they swallowed him whole, he began to scream. _

* * *

><p>Roger stared at Carl in silent horror, transfixed by the story. "One of the orderlies working the third floor heard him screaming. They sounded the alarm. By the time a bunch of them got up there with restraintsâ€¦" Carl shook his head, eyes wide. "There was nothing left of him. She'dâ€¦" He grimaced, like the memory was too awful to put into words. "â€¦eaten his face."

Roger grimaced in disgust. "Eaten it?"

Carl nodded soberly. "His eyes were both gone. So were his nose and lips. The rest of his face wasâ€¦chewed." He swallowed convulsively. "His genitals were gone. They found those in his stomach. I guess she made him eat them."

He shook his head, face registering nothing but horror. "She must have had some sort of blade, but we never found anything. Not on her, not in her cell, nothing. His chestâ€¦" He stopped, shaking his head. "I still have nightmares about it sometimes."

Roger stared at him, silently urging him to go on.

"She'd opened up his chest. Youâ€¦ you could see his heart beating. Glistening, like a plump red fruit." He shuddered at the memory.

"Why hasn't she been sentenced to death?" Roger asked. "Illinois has the death sentence, there's provocationâ€¦"

Carl shook his head. "She will be someday. For now, she's too valuable as a research subject." He looked at Roger, his eyes pleading. "You see, man, while I'm all for bringing her ego down, I'm not ready to end up like Mark." He nodded slightly, more to himself than to Roger. "And if you repeat that episode from the other day,

you will. No one who hurts her ever survives."

Roger opened his mouth to answer, when a loud voice cut him off.

"What the hell are you two planning now?"

**Hopefully, I'll have another chapter up fairly soon. I don't know how often I'll be able to update, but rest assured that this story will progress. Slowly. **

~VulcanGirl17

End
file.